The Outlook

MAY 15, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

In next week's Outlook we shall publish a striking article on one of the colored regiments now preparing to go "over there"—the 367th Infantry, which is known by the men forming it as "The Buffaloes." The article is written by Lieutenant O. E. McKaine, one of the battalion staff officers of the regiment, and is prefaced with an Introduction by its commander, Colonel James A. Moss. Lieutenant McKaine is colored and is a graduate of the Regular Army. Colonel Moss, as those who are familiar with recent American military history well know, is white, a native of Louisiana, and a graduate of West Point. In frontier days the Indians used to call our colored soldiers "Buffalo soldiers," because in color they were black like the buffalo, and also, like the buffalo, they were good fighters, as the Indians had learned from experience. The 367th Infantry has adopted a buffalo head, which, combined with an American eagle and with two crossed rifles, forms its coat of arms. This coat of arms bears the motto "See it Through." At present the Buffaloes are at Camp Upton, Long Island, where they hold the record on the rifle range and have shown in all respects that they are first-class fighting men. They may confidently be expected to "See it Through" when they reach the western front, for their motto well expresses the spirit and purpose which permeate the whole regiment.

THE WEEK

AIRPLANES AND GUNS—WHERE ARE THEY?

What many have foreseen and have warned against has happened. This country is short of airplanes and guns at a time when to our allies a supply of American airplanes and American guns to withstand the Germans would be invaluable. Congress is stirred up about the matter. President Wilson has ordered an investigation of the airplane situation, and the War Department has assured Congress that it is making inquiries into the matter of ordnance. What our allies need is not investigations and inquiries. It is guns and airplanes.

There is something pathetic in the position in which our failure to meet the expectations of our allies leaves us. Perhaps those expectations were not fully reasonable; but they were the measure of their confidence in us, and also a measure of our tendency to make big promises. In a private conversation the other day an officer of one of our allies put it somewhat like this: "We are disappointed. Of course we will stick it out, and of course we will win because we have got to win; but we had great hopes when America came in. We thought that we were perhaps old-fashioned, and that America, modern, ingenious, alert, would show us something new. If we had only had three thousand of your airplanes at the front, this German drive could never have happened. You had the Lewis gun, but you wanted something better, and you waited. You may get something better, but you haven't it now. When a robber has got you by the throat, you don't say, 'Dick, run down to the shop three blocks away and buy me an automatic.' You pick up the carving-knife. It's all right to want the best; but in the meantime why not use what you have?"

Men who, like this officer, have seen their pals killed waiting for us to get into the game, do not say much, but they feel that perhaps England and France are not so old-fashioned and slow, after all. What has raised the airplane question lately has been the renewed charges of the sculptor Gutzon Borglum, who, with the President's permission, made an investigation of his own. He attributes the delay to graft, if not disloyalty. It is not necessary to find somebody venal or disloyal to get an explanation of the delay. Delay was the inevitable consequence of the policy which we have pointed out; and it will continue to be the consequence until the Government changes its policy, and while working for perfection in airplane motors makes use of what motors are available.

It is the same policy that has caused delay in the ordnance. It is now reported that there will be no heavy Browning machine guns produced this year! There never was any reason for believing that there could be any production on a large scale of the heavy Browning much before the close of the year. Readers of The Outlook will remember what we have printed on this subject.

There is no reason why we should fail to strive to get a perfect machine gun and a perfect airplane motor for large-scale production; but we ought to have used the designs already proved effective by warfare, to have put energy into the manufacture of arms that could be made at once. To our leaders our people should say: "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

Meantime, let our people and our allies remember that not all that we have done in the way of building aircraft here and abroad can be published. Our mistakes have been plentiful; but the self-sacrificing and patriotic work of American citizens who have labored to bring our aircraft production out of nothing into something prodigious has had and will have fruit. We must on the one hand give credit to what has been accomplished, and on the other hand remain intolerant of delay.

STEERING AUSTRIA AMONG THE ROCKS

Austrian statesmen have displayed incredible cleverness in maintaining the existing order against great odds. Their method of governing has been to create division at home and to disseminate false information abroad.

This is the explanation for the recent dissolution of the Austrian Parliament by order of Emperor Charles.

Opposed to the rule of the Austrians and Magyars in the Dual Empire has been the independent spirit of freedom-loving Slavs and Poles. What Austria has done has been to fan the mutual jealousies of these subject nationalities. In the last few months, however, there has been a rapid process of unification in the forces opposing autocratic rule in Austria-Hungary, and demands for their rights were becoming too effective in the Parliament. Indeed, Parliament has been regarded as a source of danger in Austria. During the first two years of the war Austria was without a Parliament, when even Russia had one. Because of the fear of the opposition to autocracy it was not called until May, 1917. For a while the Poles did not vote with the Opposition, consisting of Czechs, Jugoslavs, Italians, Rutheni-

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ans, some democratically inclined Austrians, and a few others. This fact postponed the day when the Government would have been put into the minority. That day was imminent when Parliament was dissolved.

The Austrian Government has had several big problems to deal with. First, this rising national spirit among the Jugoslavs, Czechoslovaks, and Poles; second, food shortage and misery all over the Empire, provoking a democratic agitation among the German and Magyar elements; and, third, the difficulty of maintaining Austrian sovereignty in the face of the encroachments of Germany. So the best thing for the Austrian statesmen to do was to get rid of Parliament; and they have done so without providing for an appeal to the voters for a new Parliament. It is a plain replacement of parliamentary government by arbitrary power. Austrian statesmen can now settle matters without the embarrassment of being asked questions.

OUR FRIENDS FROM AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

Under these circumstances, there never was more need for the expression of sympathy and for actual help for the oppressed peoples of Austria-Hungary. Although, as subjects of Austria-Hungary, they are technically enemies of the Allies, these peoples are really the Allies' friends. By the thousand they are risking, not only their lives, but all they hold dear, for the cause for which the Allies are fighting. Not long ago an incident occurred that affords a dramatic illustration of this. Forty-six hundred Jugoslav volunteers and three hundred of their officers, all Austrian subjects who had enlisted against Austria in the Russian army and who had bravely fought on the eastern front, refused to accept the Russian peace. There they were, cut off from their friends in Serbia. In order to rejoin their comrades they made the long trip across Siberia to Vladivostok, and sailed thence across the Indian Ocean and up through the Red Sea, and finally reached Salonika, and they are now fighting on the Macedonian front.

Czechs, or Bohemians, as we would call them, have deserted in groups from the Austrian army, in which they were impressed. They have sent messages across the lines to the Italians; and then the Italian guns have put down a barrage behind the Czechs, cutting them off from the Austrian rear, and then the Czechs have gone safely over to the other side and joined the Italians in fighting for liberty.

Men who do this know that if captured they will be hanged.

Such peoples deserve our sympathy and aid. They ought to be told that we are not going to stand for the preservation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; that we believe in their liberty as we believe in our own; that, though they are technically enemy aliens when they are in this country, they are really our friends, and when they go to fight for our cause and theirs they have our God-speed.

IS THERE A NEW GERMAN PEACE OFFENSIVE?

It has been noted that whenever one of Germany's great fighting offensives comes to a standstill and time is needed for planning new attacks a flood of talk comes through neutral countries as to Germany's alleged purpose to offer terms of peace to her enemies. Such a false peace offensive seems to be under way now. The evidence of its existence depends largely on statements of Lord Robert Cecil, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He warns the British people against plausible but slippery attempts to influence the world's mind in this way. He describes Germany's tactics as being also to "induce its own people to carry on the war from week to week and month to month in the belief that peace is almost in sight, until Germany's Russian plans are matured." News reports from England say that a Dutch financier and other neutral emissaries have lately appeared in England posing as representatives of the German move for peace. As has been the case in every previous attempt, there has been nothing whatever to commit Germany officially, nor any plain speaking about terms of peace. So far as there is any substance at all in the so-called peace drive (Mr. Balfour declares that no one has made peace offers to his Government), it is an attempt to delude and entice Germany's enemies into a state of feeling in which their military efforts may relax. To pay the least attention to this particular form of German propaganda is to give it an importance which it does not at all deserve.

Lord Robert Cecil believes that German diplomacy is now trying to gain time during which the German power may be strengthened in Russia. He even says, "If they once really establish themselves in Russia, there is no reason why they should not fight the whole world forever."

The reason is well stated in an editorial in the New York "Tribune:"

> There is perhaps little likelihood that the military strength of Russia and Poland will be added to that of the Teutonic allies, but Germany's great need is industrial. If it can now command the food, the coal, iron, and other products of one hundred and fifty millions of people, it can keep its own armies in the field, and behind the western barrier which these impose it can build up the most powerful and the most populous commercial alliance the world has ever known.

GERMAN AGGRESSION IN THE UKRAINE

The view above stated is confirmed by what Germany has actually been doing lately in Russia. At first she used the desire of outlying portions of Russia to achieve independence to overcome the Bolshevik power and influence over those provinces. Now, having accomplished this, she is picking quarrels with the new governments of the new republics and is proceeding to establish German rule by force. This is particularly evident in the Ukraine. Here, under various pretexts, Germany has taken control of the capital, Kiev, has arrested many of the Government officials on the ground that "the Government has proved too weak to maintain law and order," and has made arbitrary arrests. A wildly sensational rumor of a plot for a general massacre is darkly hinted at in excuse. All this, and the putting of German officers in control of work on the land, Germany euphoniously calls establishing "a state of enhanced protection"! Equally arbitrary was the seizure of the Russian naval base on the Black Sea, Sebastopol, famous in the history of the Crimean War. Here lay the vessels of the Russian Black Sea naval fleet. All of these ships are now in the possession of the Germans, and when manned by German or Turkish sailors may prove a formidable element in all that relates to sea power in the East.

Germany may well be willing to let the Bolshevik leaders maintain the semblance of power in Moscow or Petrograd so long as she is free to do whatever she chooses in the Ukraine. A French despatch last week said, "The Germans have decided to install themselves in the so-called independent Province of Ukraine as if it were conquered and colonized."

THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY

The American soldiers on the actual front received warm commendation from the English Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, on his return to London from his recent visit to the actual battle-lines. He said:

> A good number are already there. Many more will pour in steadily during this month. The French who saw their fighting in the battle lower down the line said they were first-class fighting material, full of courage and resource, and all very keen.
>
> The Germans have rendered at least two great services to the Allies' cause. They have accelerated the advent of the American troops and they have made unity of command at last a reality. The French and British are fighting in close comradeship, each with full appreciation of the qualities of the other.

This praise from Mr. Lloyd George is particularly welcome when taken in connection with his recent urgent plea that America should hasten her effort and his admission that the slowness with which our soldiers were coming into the lines was a great disappointment to her allies.

Much satisfaction is felt at the decision of the War Department and General Pershing by which in publishing lists of American casualties the address in this country of each officer or private is given.

The record up to May 7 includes 646 killed in action and 155

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who have died of wounds, while the number who have died of disease is larger than the first two combined, namely, 982.

An encouraging and inspiring statement was made by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, recently in regard to American naval effort abroad. He said that we have now 150 American war-ships in foreign waters, manned by 0,000 American sailors, while new ships are being added rapidly. The personnel of the Navy has in a year and a half risen rom 75,000 men to 370,000. Mr. Roosevelt rightly called ttention to the remarkable good fortune which has attended he transport of our armies abroad. The loss by undersea attack as been notably light; on the other hand, the warfare against he submarine conducted by our destroyers and other naval essels is more than creditable to this country, and sustains the rilliant history of the American Navy.

LARGER ARMY

The plans for the American Army of the future, as outlined y Secretary Baker and other War Department officials before he House Committee on Military Affairs, look to an increase n the size of the Army during the next fiscal year (that is, as 've suppose, reaching to midsummer of 1919) which would at that me make it approximately 3,000,000 in numbers, or perhaps ven more. Mr. Baker himself, with characteristic vagueness, ut with earnest patriotism, said: "Let us avoid specific gures. They imply limits. There is no limit. We will call out nough men to make victory certain." Other statements are that ne number of men who can be sent over is limited to 100,000 month on account of the lack of shipping, and that approxiately 150,000 newly conscripted men will be called to our amps every month.

In his speech at Boston the other day Theodore Roosevelt aid that we should have an army of 5,000,000 men in the field.

Three measures were introduced on April 30 in the United tates Senate to increase the size of the Army. The first bill as introduced by Senator Poindexter, of Washington, who irected the Secretary of War to call from the eligible list of egistries under the Selective Draft Act 1,500,000 in addition o those who have been called and to train and equip them or service in the National Army. Senator Reed, of Missouri, ntroduced a similar bill calling for an additional force of ,000,000 men. Senator Smith, of Georgia, submitted a resolution declaring that the Senate urges immediate action to proide for the organization of an army of 5,000,000, and requesting ne Committee on Military Affairs to prepare a bill providing or the immediate training of officers and the manufacture of unitions for such an army. In the House of Representatives, Ir. Dent, Chairman of the House Committee on Military ffairs, introduced a bill providing for an increase of the Army o 5,000,000 men.

The introduction of these measures reflected the growing estiveness among members of Congress over what had seemed o be the Administration's delay in revealing its plans, and pecially its disagreement with the proposition emanating from ne Secretary of War that Congress shall grant a blanket power o the President to raise as large an army as he deems necessary o insure victory.

As Mr. Poindexter said in introducing his bill, Congress ught to act immediately, and there ought not to be any delay n increasing the army. "The foundation for this increase already laid in laws that have been enacted. All that is ecessary is to call an additional number of men." The bills ntroduced therefore provide for the amendment of the Selective raft Act signed by the President May 18, 1917. That Act uthorized the President to increase the military establishent of the United States by raising all organizations of the egular Army to the maximum enlisted strength; to draft into ne military service all members of the National Guard and of ne National Guard Reserves; to raise an additional force of 0,000 enlisted men, providing their necessary officers from ne Officers' Reserve Corps or from members of the National uard; to raise a further force of 500,000 men at such time s may be determined; and to provide that the enlisted men all be raised by voluntary enlistment or by selective draft.

The country has now at home in camp and abroad in the field, it is said, a total of 1,885,000 enlisted men and officers. The turn of events since the German drive started has convinced members of Congress that an even greater number will be needed from America immediately to swing the tide in the Allies' favor. How the needed men are to be provided, whether by a definite provision from Congress or by its giving a blanket power to the President, does not, in the ultimate analysis, make so much difference to our enemy. He cares little for methods. He cares much for men.

HOLDING BACK THE HUNS

Since Hindenburg's futile attempt of April 29, in Flanders, to crash through the British line running southwest from Ypres to Locre, he has probably been reorganizing and strengthening his much-battered divisions. Whether the comparative lull both in Flanders and in Picardy in the week ending on May 7 presages renewed and even more desperate attacks remains to be seen. The attack of April 29 was deadly in its intent, and that it failed so completely and involved such frightful German losses is a victory for the Allies both materially and morally.

The aggressive since that battle has been with the Allies. Thus on May 7 comes news of British raids near Arras, of American extensive gas retaliation on the Picardy lines for a well-withstood previous gas attack upon them, and of a raid by our "old 69th New York" in the Lunéville front. The day before, Australian and Canadian attacks were reported, respectively, east of Amiens and in the southern part of the Arras sector, to say nothing of a British gain of five hundred yards on a thousand-yard front near Locre. None of these actions were of superlative importance, but the mere fact that the daily news throughout a week has nearly always recorded aggression instead of defense or retreat has a rather broad significance.

There have been rumors of an impending attack in Italy, and Emperor Charles is said to be at the head of a great Austrian force. Nothing important has yet developed, however, in that region.

As to the general situation in the west, General Radcliffe, for the British War Office, says: "It is difficult to make an exact comparison of the staying powers of the two armies, but the facts shown are in our favor. If the enemy continues his offensive in the north, he must impair his chances of success in the south."

THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN A BRILLIANT SUCCESS

Beyond question, the three billion dollars called for by the Third Liberty Loan has been very considerably exceeded. The exact figures are not available as we write (May 7) because of the enormous work necessary in auditing and in collecting the reports from the districts all over the country. On that date, however, the amount actually recorded was three and one-half billions. It is quite probable that the total amount subscribed will run up to four billions or perhaps over.

Even more gratifying than the success in dollars is the fact that at least seventeen million people subscribed to the Loan. Emphatically, this Liberty Loan, as well as those which preceded it, was not essentially a financial deal, but an outpouring of money in all kinds of amounts from men, women, and even children, throughout the country. Equally gratifying has been the incalculable amount of freely given volunteer effort in fighting the campaign. A great many thousands of Americans, from the great Wall Street banker down to the youngest Boy Scout, have participated in this effort. The cost of placing the Third Liberty Loan has been extremely small, and that is so simply because of the patriotic and untiring energy shown by the people themselves in making the Loan a success. It has been pointed out that in the Civil War a war loan of five hundred million dollars, with investors numbering perhaps fifty thousand, was considered a marvelous achievement, while the placing of it was given to a private banking concern which received a commission for its services.

Altogether the three Liberty Loans amount to nearly ten billion dollars, and more was subscribed but could not be received by the Government. It is notable that the number of persons

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subscribing has about doubled as each new call has been made; that is to say, in round numbers, 4,000,000 people subscribed to the first loan, 9,000,000 to the second, and 17,000,000, or perhaps more, to the third.

The present probabilities are that no Fourth Liberty Loan will be necessary before the end of the year.

TRAINING CAMPS FOR NURSES

To supply the military need for nurses it has been necessary to take nurses from civilian hospitals and private practice everywhere. So far nine thousand nurses are already in military service. The result is that only a bare skeleton of the nursing organizations is left in many an institution, and in some localities the entire force of visiting and supervising nurses has gone.

Where is America going to find substitutes for these? Women who are more than nurses are needed, for they must have some initiative, sympathy, and understanding of social problems; for as nurses have gone to war, so have social workers, and so, of course, have physicians and surgeons. The women who take the places of these nurses at home must have the capacity to fit in as well as they can where the gaps have been left by the social workers and the doctors. There is one class of women especially equipped for the duty that is calling to women. The college woman, well grounded in history, languages, sciences and sociology, and presumably, possessed of an alert, acquisitive mind, can bring to the study of nursing equipment which makes possible intensive training in the simpler, specialized aspects of the nursing profession.

This summer the American Red Cross and the Council of National Defense will stand sponsors to a project which has been characterized as one of the most constructive educational schemes brought forward since the war began. A training camp for nurses will be held at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York. It will enroll only college women. It will condense into three months work which ordinarily occupies approximately a year. The Faculty includes such specialists as Professor Florence Sabin, Johns Hopkins, who will instruct in anatomy and physiology; Professor C. E. A. Winslow, of Yale, Dr. William H. Park and Miss Anna Williams, of the New York Health Laboratories, in bacteriology and hygiene; Professor Otto Folin, Harvard, in chemistry; Miss Nina D. Gage, former superintendent of Hunan Yale Hospital, China, in materia medica; Assistant Professor Isabel M. Stewart, of Columbia, in the historical and social aspects of nursing; Professor Margaret F. Washburn, of Vassar, in psychology; Miss Helen Pope, of the Pittsburgh Carnegie Institute, in dietetics; and Professor Herbert E. Mills, also Dean of the Training Camp, in social economics. Near-by hospitals and clinics are co-operating to give the students practice as well as theory.

The student fee, which covers all living expenses as well as tuition, is $95. (The cost of the camp will not be met by the fees; so the Red Cross is giving $75,000 to help meet expenses.) The present undergraduates will leave the rooms and the dormitories completely furnished, and the college farm will supply fresh vegetables and milk for the table. The entire equipment of the college will be at the disposal of the visitors—the three scientific laboratories, the infirmary, the gymnasium, the students' building, the outdoor theater, where both lectures and dramatic entertainments will be given, the two lakes, athletic fields, and the library, with special loan collections, will all be available.

From the Training Camp the young women will enter approved hospitals to complete the two years' work necessary to qualify as registered nurses. Before a single application to the Camp had been received more than two hundred hospital places were assured. It will be extremely advantageous to hospitals to receive these students, as the institutions will be relieved of much of the usual expensive and time-consuming training. In the hospitals actual nursing experience begins at once.

College women have not been slow to perceive the opportunity given them to put their ability and training to the best patriotic use. The Training Camp project was not completed and the lists opened till early in February. Between then and June 24, the opening date of the Camp, the need had to be made plain to college women, many already absorbed in local activities had to be reached, others with definite plans for their careers convinced of the greater usefulness of this, and all made aware of the length of time necessary for study and the seriousness of the undertaking. The first week in May saw graduates from thirty-six States enrolled, and applications and inquiries coming in from alumnæ of seventy-five colleges. The Training Camp will open its doors with an enrollment of patriotic, devoted, intelligent women, willing to do not only their bit but their all for America in her emergency.

TRAINING FOR WOMEN WAR WORKERS

Many a woman says, "I wish I could be of some use in this war. But I don't know how to be of use." Such a wish grows with the knowledge that the demands from Government and military authorities for women's work have greatly increased and cannot be met without a large augmentation of workers.

Women who wish a more intimate knowledge of the activities which may help win the war, women who can do odd jobs committee women, administrators, investigators, organizers teachers, clerical workers and helpers, leaders in girls' and women's clubs and patriotic leagues, and many other kinds of women—these are they who are longing for wider usefulness.

Let them apply to the Young Women's Christian Association 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Day courses are already in progress there to fit women who "don't know" to "know." The next course begins July 9; the next, September 17; the next, November 5; and the next, February 4, 1919. These courses extend over a period of about three and a half weeks. If women want training during the periods between the prescribed courses, the Y. W. C. A. may make special arrangements. An evening course will be added, provided there are at least twenty-five registrations. The present course include one morning session from ten to one every week-day except Saturday and one afternoon round table every Friday.

The lectures and conferences are open to women, whether or not they intend to complete the whole course and qualify for a certificate. Those who can attend only occasionally are asked not to judge the value of any one session by itself, as each is planned in relation to the whole course.

Opportunities for observation and field work are provided several afternoons or evenings weekly during the lecture session. Some form of personal work is required of each candidate for a certificate. Required themes on designated subjects may be written at any time suitable to the volunteer.

At the close of the lecture part of the training course the "trainees" go out to give active service in whatever branch of work most attracts them. This is done under a trained worker's supervision. It enables the "trainee" to find her proper niche and prove her capabilities.

The passing mark for the whole course is eighty per cent. Preparation for examinations, apart from attendance at lectures, may be made at any time suitable to the volunteer, and written examinations may also be taken at any time by correspondence, on the honor system. Oral examinations are to be taken at specified times and places.

In order to afford opportunity for home study at leisure, books and papers needed for examinations will be forwarded upon request to any applicant who registers and sends her fee. The fee for each course is ten dollars, which includes payment for note and text books.

Upon satisfactory completion of all the required work a certificate is given which entitles the graduate to become an active or associate worker or teacher for the Young Women's Christian Association.

But whether the women students intend to work for it or for any other organization, they will have enjoyed the advantages of a laboratory for volunteers. Each will have become fitted to serve in some station of war work where most needed or best qualified.

GO WITHOUT WHEAT ENTIRELY IF YOU CAN

A month ago the Federal Food Administration appealed to all those who could do without wheat to abstain entirely from its use until next harvest.

The response has been gratifying. Hardly was it made before

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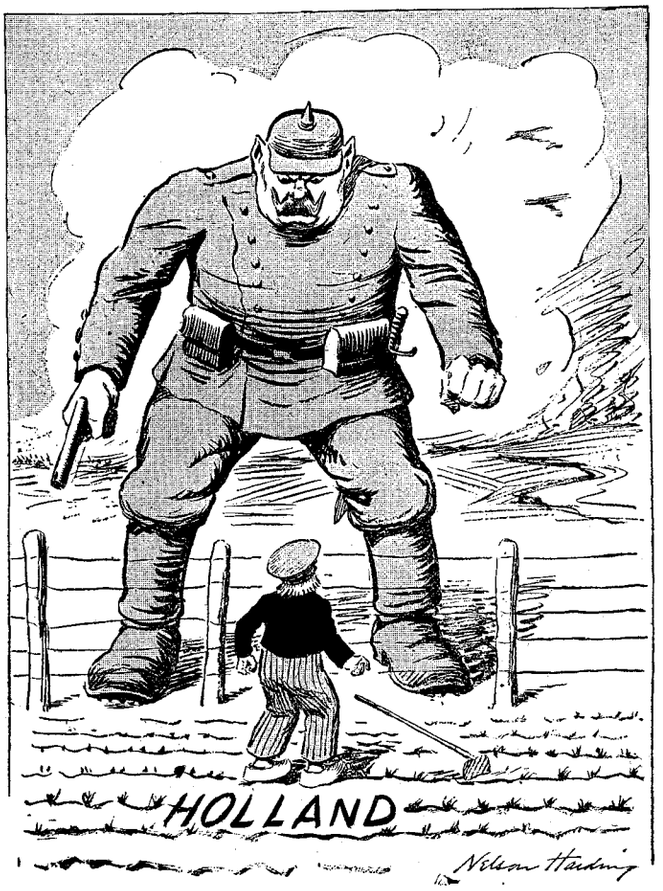
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



"VAT DO YOU MEAN BY BEING SO LIDDLE?"

Rogers in the New York Herald

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

HOLLAND'S PREDICAMENT

Kirby in the New York World

"YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN EXTINGUISH THAT, DO YOU?"

THE KAISER'S SUPREME EFFORT

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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FOUR YEARS OF THIS?

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER HAS GOT HIMSELF INTO A MESS

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hundreds of hotel men pledged themselves to it. The students in educational institutions followed—those of Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, New Jersey, being the first, we believe. Various associations and societies followed, and now at least two States have swung into line. Senator Sheppard, of Texas, informs us that his State has ' voluntarily determined to abstain from the use of wheat until next harvest," and thirty-seven out of the forty-one county Food Administrators of Idaho, on behalf of the citizens of that State, have come to a similar determination.

In view of the fact that statements continue to appear showing how the one and one-half pound ration of wheat per week per person may best be used, The Outlook recently wrote to the Federal Food Administration inquiring whether it would not be better now to concentrate all effort on the appeal to abstain entirely from the use of wheat. The reply is as follows. It is characteristic of the Administration's human and broad-gauged policy under Mr. Hoover:

> While the Food Administration has consistently urged the well-to-do and those who can abstain entirely from the use of wheat to cut it from their diet, it has never gone so far as to urge the American people as a whole to maintain themselves exclusively on the other cereals.
>
> There is a large element in our population which cannot very well go entirely without wheat. This, you understand, is not because the other cereals lack any of the nutritional qualities to be found in wheat. It is more a matter of convenience and of home economics. A large part of our working populace is forced to purchase its bread from bakers, and it is practically impossible for a commercial baker to distribute bread which does not have wheat as its basis. Not only is it extremely difficult to make non-wheat breads on a commercial scale, but it is almost impossible to distribute such loaves, as they must be consumed a few hours after being baked. In view of the present shortage, our responsibility to feed this element is almost as great as our duty to those across the sea. If wheat should be cut entirely from the American diet, these people would suffer very materially.
>
> However, the Food Administration is asking very definitely and very clearly for the greatest possible reduction in consumption. It is asking those who must use wheat to eat no more than one and one-half pounds a week, and it is asking all who can possibly do without it to eat absolutely none.

The Federal Food Administration's latest published statement informs householders that they will have no difficulty in following the wheat flour allowance of one and one-half pounds per person per week if they consider one and three-quarter pounds of Victory bread equal to one pound of wheat flour, thus leaving half a pound of wheat flour to be used during the week in other foods.

Among those other foods are, for instance, macaroni, wheat cereals, wheat crackers, pastry, cake. But why "go to the limit" of the one and one-half pound allowance? Why not do as much as possible towards lessening that allowance?

Among the wheat substitutes are barley flour, buckwheat flour, corn flour, corn grits, corn-meal, edible corn-starch, rolled oats, potato flour, soya-bean flour, and sweet-potato flour.

In other words, we believe that the Federal Food Administration's reasonable attitude will be appreciated not only by those who can well abstain entirely from the use of wheat but also by those who cannot.

THE ERIE CANAL

Mr. McAdoo, Director-General of our land transportation system, has testified to the value of inland waterways in his recent order that the Erie Canal be taken over by the Federal Railway Administration and that a fleet of barges be immediately constructed.

Several hundred steel barges of about seven hundred tons each, it is announced, are being ordered at once from construction companies on the Great Lakes. Investigation is also being made of the practicability of concrete barges, which, it is said, can be built quickly and cheaply.

The Federal Railway Administration will simply direct the construction of barges and boats and the operation of freight. It will not interfere with the construction work on the Erie Canal now under way.

The Erie Canal runs from Buffalo to the Hudson River. The chief commodities it transports are grain from Buffalo an coal from central points.

The Erie Canal is the first canal to come under Federa operation. Other canals will probably follow. Possibly som disused canals may later be considered. The country's over taxed railway system needs them too if we are to move all th freight which ought to be moved. This has already bee put before the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House o Representatives, but the Committee has passed it over. Nov that the Rivers and Harbors Bill is before the Senate, perhap that body will deem it wise to appropriate a sum necessary t restore some of the disused canals to usefulness. No one can fac the possibility of any such coal shortage as last winter's witho dread and apprehension. Why not avert such possibility as muc as we can by bringing into use every means of transportation?

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY

As the war goes on the "business of play" is increasin instead of diminishing. This is as it should be, for, quite apar from the pleasure and profit of play at any time, many observer are beginning to ask what reduction in the cost of trainin soldiers to fight there would have been had they been firs trained to play in years past. Had such been the case, a larg number of those who volunteered for military service and wer refused might have possessed physical qualifications closer t the standard of their patriotism. That our Government realize the importance of organized recreation is shown by the fac that the War and Navy Department Commissions on Trainin Camp Activities have taken over bodily the Playground an Recreation Association of America to carry on its beneficen work for our new armies under the name War Camp Commu nity Service.

Recent figures compiled by this Association show the exte sion of play into the winter months, and the increasing deman for lighted playgrounds for evening use. Some six hundre playgrounds are now opened and lighted throughout the eve ning. It is impossible to conceive of the number of unhealth and unwholesome places from which children are thus saved.

The number of schools established to train playgroun leaders is increasing, and the standard of those workers ha been raised by civil service examinations. About 9,000 me and women are now employed to direct play at recreatio centers. About three-quarters of a million boys and girls dail swarm in the play centers, and some 700 school buildings ar used for play after school hours. One of the consequences of thi is the birth of a kindlier feeling for the school buildings in th heart of the pupil who may have regarded that building as place of torture!

Throughout the country, we read, there are some 200 bathin beaches, 400 public baths, and 300 swimming pools; and durin 1917 some 4,000 playgrounds and neighborhood recreation cen ters were maintained. A recreation center often means an ope place where a brass band plays, and it sometimes means a indoor place where one may take a book from the library shelf we learn that in 1917 about fifty cities "specalized" in bras bands, sixty in orchestras, and 200 in community sings; tha there were debating clubs in forty cities and free libraries i many more.

While it is good to read that there has been an increase o eighteen per cent in the number of playgrounds operated an of fifty per cent in the dollars spent, we know that the presen crowded play and recreation centers serve only one in fifty o those children who should be served. We also know that thos who should be served—indeed, those who are being served—ar not only babies and boys and girls and young people, but som men and women who are never going to grow old.

As one sees the happy youth, therefore, from the poorer tene ment districts of our cities in the municipal and other play grounds, breathing better air, playing games, singing songs crowding the swings, seesaws, and coasting slides, a sense o gratitude comes for their escape from unsanitary living con ditions, from the danger of disease, and the danger of injur from street accidents.

But there is a future good to reckon with, for play makes fo better and cleaner citizenship later.

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LESS LOAFING

In compulsory labor legislation New Jersey has now followed West Virginia and Maryland. The New Jersey law provides that it shall be the duty of every able-bodied male resident of the State between the ages of eighteen and fifty years to be regularly engaged in some lawful and recognized employment, trade, or profession until the end of the war.

A large placard, prepared by the State Commissioner of Labor, has been sent for public posting to the sheriffs and other officials charged with the responsibility of enforcing the law:

The Compulsory Work Law

requires that

All Able-Bodied Males

between 18 and 50 Years, inclusive

MUST WORK 36 HOURS EACH WEEK

IN ACCORDANCE WITH PROVISIONS OF CHAPTER 55, LAWS OF 1918

HON. WALTER E. EDGE, Governor of New Jersey, by proclamation issued March 8th, 1918, called upon the Sheriffs, Mayors and heads of Police Departments to apprehend all violators, under penalty

$100 FINE, 3 Months in Jail, or Both

Those desiring work should apply in person or by mail to nearest FEDERAL—STATE MUNICIPAL EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, or to DEPARTMENT OF LABOR, STATE HOUSE, TRENTON, N. J., when

Suitable Work will be Provided
or Exemption Cards issued

Persons having sufficient resources arising from ownership of property or income, and those supported by others, are included among those coming within the provisions of this act.

NOT INCLUDED

(a) Students and persons fitting themselves to engage in trade or industrial pursuits.
(b) Persons temporarily unemployed by reason of differences with employers.
(c) Such seasonable or other regular employment as require in the proper discharge of their duties less than minimum number of 36 hours indicated in this act.

CITIZENS WILL PLEASE REPORT VIOLATION TO, OR ADVISE WITH, SHERIFF OF YOUR COUNTY, THE MAYOR, CHIEF OF POLICE, OTHER MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES, THE FEDERAL—STATE—MUNICIPAL EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, OR

LEWIS T. BRYANT,
Commissioner of Labor.

The sheriffs are furthermore required to have enrollment blanks filled out by all persons coming under the provisions of this Act, and to be forwarded to the State Employment Service. In the allotment of positions preference is given to the more essential war-time activities, agricultural, cannery, shipyard, and munitions works. The following is the Enrollment Card:

NEW JERSEY
DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
FEDERAL—STATE—MUNICIPAL EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
NEW JERSEY COMPULSORY WORK LAW
(Chapter 55, Laws 1918)

ENROLLMENT CARD

Name .....
Address .....
Age.....Height.....Weight.....Race.....
Citizen.....Country of Birth.....
Married.....Single.....Dependents.....
What has been your occupation or trade, if any.....
.....
For what occupation do you consider yourself best fitted.....
.....
Why have you not been employed.....
Have you ever worked on a farm.....
Can you plow.....Handle teams.....Milk.....
I hereby certify that this Registration Card was filled out, as above, by me this.....day of....., 191 . .....
Title of Office.

There are also exemption cards, good for a week, a week of grace, within which the workless person is to secure and undertake employment. If employment has not been obtained within the week, he must return and get another card if he can.

Mr. Bryant assures the sheriffs that the entire machinery of the Department of Labor "will be included in the effort to curb vagrancy, uselessness, and mendicancy during these times when every red-blooded citizen of our country should be doing his bit towards the successful termination of our present conflict."

HOBOES AND THE IDLE RICH

In the operation of this law New Jersey, we hope, will have the same success as West Virginia and Maryland have had.

West Virginia has the distinction of beginning this reform in our economic system. In May a year ago the State Legislature passed a Compulsory Labor Law. In the eleven months since, in Charleston, the State capital, alone there have been under this Act some three hundred cases on the police docket, and in nearly every case fines have been imposed or else the accused has accepted employment. A like degree of success was obtained in other communities of the State. The justices of the peace, mayors, and police judges have jurisdiction to try and punish offenders. Those found guilty are fined not more than $100 for each offense, and—here is the "stinger"—as a part of the punishment the offender is ordered to work not exceeding sixty days upon the public roads or upon some other public work being done by the county or municipality in which the offender has been convicted. Half of the value of any such labor is paid by the county or municipality towards the support of any persons legally dependent upon the vagrant. If there is no dependent, then no payment is made. Furthermore, we learn from the Hon. Samuel B. Montgomery, the State Commissioner of Labor, from whom the above facts come, that the "idle rich" are as amenable to the law as are the idle of any other class. It is a satisfaction also to learn that the Supreme Court of the State has recently upheld this law.

In West Virginia the law applies to those whose ages are between sixteen and sixty years. In Maryland and New Jersey the law in that respect is not as strict, applying only between the ages of eighteen and fifty years.

Concerning the working of the law in Maryland, Mr. George A. Malone, who was appointed by the Governor to enforce the measure, thinks it not only sound and practicable, but presents statistics to support his opinion. In one respect the Maryland law is superior to the others, and that is because its penalties are heavier. The fine is $500 or less and the imprisonment not more than six months, or both.

Writing to The Outlook, Mr. Malone adds an expression of opinion which strikes us as being particularly pertinent. "The main good the law does," he affirms, "is not expressed in figures of men reported for not working, or in those assigned to work, or of those punished for not working. The main good effect of the law is that it sends men to work before they get on the delinquent list and keeps them at work when they would otherwise drop out."

THE PIGGERY PLAN

Garbage is a disagreeable subject. Perhaps, because it is so disagreeable, the notion has prevailed that garbage must be dumped somewhere as rapidly as possible, so as to get it out of the way. Then we think no more about it.

As a matter of fact, garbage is not now as plentiful as it has been. The reason is that less is being put into the garbage pail. Everywhere housewives are materially reducing the waste. The Food Administration's report shows that collections in seventy-six American cities are some fourteen per cent smaller than they were during the same period a year ago.

Nor is the garbage dumped so rich in quality. The housewives have taken from it the most promising percentage of what would ordinarily seem mere waste foodstuffs. There is not now half as much grease in garbage collected as in that collected last year. But the refuse really inedible by humans (the gristle, vegetable peelings, table and kitchen scraps), when freshly collected, constitutes a proper food for hogs and produces pork of good quality. It has even been said that from the average waste from kitchens every year we might

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have some seventy million pounds of pork and over $16,000,000 worth of grease and fertilizer.

Hence in the present effort to increase food production the methods of garbage disposal have come suddenly to the fore. Dumping has long since been shown to be unsanitary. The burning of garbage is now the rule in many cities. In Minneapolis, with its $110,000 incinerator, the burned garbage has been utilized for steam produced in the generation of electricity.

Now, however, Minneapolis has found a more profitable means of disposal. Beginning with April, the city began to feed its garbage to hogs. The city collected the garbage, so Alderman Dight tells us, placed it on board cars at a certain garbage collection station, and sold it at $1.26 a ton. At the price the value of the garbage collected by the city during 1917 would amount to some $30,000. The saving to the city in the cost of coal to burn the garbage would increase this sum to about $50,000.

As the price of garbage is advancing, because of the price of pork, the saving should be all the greater to taxpayers. Like Minneapolis, Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, had used the incinerator plan. Mr. Nelson, the City Auditor, writes to The Outlook that the city now sells its refuse to the farmers for $1.25 a ton delivered at loading stations near by, from which it is hauled away by the farmers who live in the vicinity.

Another city which has recently tried hog feeding is Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where the garbage had hitherto been dumped. Writing to The Outlook, Mayor Rall says that the new system has been almost entirely a clear gain.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the reduction system has been employed, but now the hog-feeding system is used. Mayor Kiester says that the saving to the municipality by what he calls the "piggery plan" may reach no less than one hundred and fifty per cent.

Proper garbage utilization is now more than a mere economic method of disposal. It has become a patriotic duty. We must conserve all our assets—even our garbage assets—in order to increase our food production.

OUR MINOR MINERALS

It is all very well to talk about increasing our Army in France, but the controlling factor is ships. We must have more ships.

Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, recently suggested a plan whereby the crying need for ships could in some degree be met. He proposed that our mines of so-called minor minerals, especially those the production of which was essential to the making of munitions of war, be developed to their fullest capacity, so that the ships now bringing to our shores some two million tons of these minerals be released for taking men and supplies to France. The minerals come from many distant sources—from China, Ceylon, Chile, Spain, Madagascar, Australia, Greenland. The import involves long voyages, delays in loading and unloading the bulky materials, and the congestion of our ports.

Chief among our minor minerals is manganese. It is an essential for high-grade munition steel. Because of the lower grade of our manganese ore, we have been getting over three-quarters of our supply from abroad, principally from Brazil; the collier Cyclops, supposed to have been lost, was, it is reported, loaded with it. Owing to lack of facilities in Brazil, all the ore has been smelted here. Certain Montana companies, however, have invested, it is said, a million and a half in machinery to develop the manganese supply of that State, and they have developed it amazingly. This shows what can be done by private initiative with ample means.

The idea that lies behind the legislation now pending in Congress, however, consequent upon Mr. Lane's suggestion, is that the Government should establish a minimum price to encourage small producers. Similar to the case of manganese is that of chromite, of which two-thirds of our supply comes from abroad. Chromite is an alloy for particular forms of steel, such as that going into armor-piercing projectiles. Tungsten is used in toughening the steel used in auto and airplane frames. Our chromium mines in Pennsylvania and our tungsten mines in Colorado and Arizona may soon be the scenes of greater activity. At present we produce only thirty-seven per cent of the chromite needed and sixty-five per cent of the tungsten.

Two fundamental materials in the manufacture of all modern high-power explosives are nitrate, chiefly as nitric acid, and concentrated sulphuric acid, made from pyrite or sulphur; we produce only a third of the pyrite that we need.

Mercury is used as a fulminate to explode cartridges and shells, and is essential for the safe and effective use of all high explosives. We produce only a part of what we need.

Antimony is required for hardening lead and bullets. We produce only a tenth of what we need.

Mica is indispensable as an insulating material in the manufacture of electrical apparatus. Again we produce only a small part of what we need.

And so we might go on. A bill to provide for the immediate expansion of our supply of these minor minerals was introduced into Congress. It has now passed the House of Representatives, and, we are glad to say, by the emphatic vote of 290 to 7.

It provides, however, a ten-million-dollar appropriation instead of the fifty million dollars requested. A reading of the "Congressional Record" discloses the fact that the smaller appropriation was voted, not so much because of any lack of faith in the project, but because a smaller sum was deemed sufficient to begin with. Another reason was the report that our war expenses are now a billion dollars a month.

THE ROAD OF SILENCE

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City has been doing a good work in its lectures on art for the benefit of the deaf. These lectures were delivered by Miss Jane Walker during the winter; they came to an end with one of May 2 on "Myths in Marble." Of course such lectures appeal to a restricted audience; and the audience has also been the smaller because only comparatively few people have known about them. The lectures are given by the means of lip reading, an art of *seeing* another's thought.

The subject of art is peculiarly appealing to the deaf. They are necessarily deprived of music, the spoken drama, sermons, lectures, and that great world of spiritual and intellectual stimulus which reaches the hearing child through his ears; hence art is one field to which the footsteps of the deaf instinctively turn. This is Miss Walker's belief, and in her lectures she seeks not only to teach various phases of the history of art, but also to give some stimulus to those who watch her to use their own hands, and, if possible, themselves to become creators of beauty.

In this connection we may remember that among such creators the Italian painter Pintoricchio was called "Il Sordacchione" because of his deafness, that Goya and Sir Joshua Reynolds were deaf, while, of course, the case of Beethoven is the best known of all. There have been other artists also traveling this "Road of Silence," as Margaret Baldwin, in a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly," calls it.

Why should we not make the otherwise dreary lives of the hard of hearing more beautiful by bringing them more and more in contact with the beautiful? The little deaf New York City child, coming from some crowded and unbeautiful home, as it passes through the spacious galleries of the Metropolitan Museum and feels about it the presence of lovely forms and colors, may be awakened to a new, and perhaps a creative, life.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE MEAT INDUSTRY

In value of products, what is our greatest industry? Most men would probably reply, Food. And they are right. It is very much our greatest industry. It is followed by textiles; iron, steel, and their products; chemicals and allied products; lumber and its manufactures; paper and printing; metals and metal products other than iron and steel; leather and its products; and, finally, vehicles for land transportation.

The subject of land transportation suggests a comparison between its volume of business and that of any of our industries. It may surprise some to learn that the total annual revenue of our railways is not as great as the annual value of food, textile, or iron and steel products, indeed that the volume of business of

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no railway reaches that of the United States Steel Corporation. But who would imagine that any corporation or company, much less a private firm, would show a greater volume of business than does the Pennsylvania Railroad or the New York Central Railroad?

Yet this proves to be the fact. Recently a statement appeared in the papers to the effect that the volume of business of the well-known Chicago packing concern of Messrs. Swift & Co. had grown so prodigiously as actually to exceed that of any railway. The statement seemed incredible. The Outlook thereupon wrote to Messrs. Swift & Co., asking them if it had a basis of fact. Their reply abundantly confirms the statement and contains the following list of certain great concerns, showing the volume of business for 1917:

United States Steel Corporation. . .	$1,683,000,000
Swift & Company	875,000,000
Pennsylvania Railroad System . . .	491,000,000
New York Central Railroad System .	393,000,000
American Telephone and Telegraph Company	295,000,000
General Electric Company	192,000,000

In their reply Messrs. Swift & Co. state that the volume of their business means that they have shipped some 550 car-loads of products every week day. This is certainly as impressive evidence as any yet made public of the magnitude of our food industry in general and of our meat industry in particular.

"TO LOVE IS TO HATE"

THE Archbishop of York is quoted as having said concerning the Germans in his sermon on Good Friday, March 29, "Let it be our prayer to forgive them, for they know not what they do." Jesus offered that prayer for the soldiers who nailed him to the cross. They did not know what they were doing. To them Jesus was only a lawless criminal condemned both by the Roman and by the Jewish courts. He did not offer that prayer for Judas and Caiaphas and the blaspheming priests, for they did know what they were doing. Judas deliberately betrayed his Master, and Caiaphas had argued that political expediency justified killing an innocent man.

I can offer this prayer for German privates in the trenches driven or deluded into this war. Of these private soldiers it may be true, as Dr. Fosdick has said, that "had we been the inheritors of the Prussian tradition, the pupils from early childhood of the Prussian instruction, and the instinctive patriots that all good men are, we should be thinking what the Germans think to-day." But I cannot pray for the Predatory Potsdam Gang, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," because that is not true. They do know what they do. I cannot offer this prayer for the Kaiser, who in 1900 declared his intention to re-establish a Roman Empire to rule the world, and in the same year, in an address to troops about to embark for China, said to them: "As soon as you come to blows with the enemy, they are beaten. No mercy will be shown. No prisoners will be taken." I cannot offer this prayer for General Bernhardi, who in 1911 wrote: "France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path." I cannot offer this prayer for the German officers who, complying with the spirit of instructions given by their Emperor and by the General Staff, have devastated fields, robbed homes, murdered non-combatants, raped women, and deliberately mutilated little children, for they knew what they were doing and did it deliberately.

Does not the Bible declare that God is love? Yes. It also declares that he "abhors the bloody and deceitful man." Love and hate are not inconsistent. As the more one loves music, the more abhorrent to him is discordant jangling on instruments out of tune; the more he loves art, the more abhorrent to him are the "crude colors which swear at each other;" the more he loves truth and purity, the more angry is he when he sees music and art ministering to lust; so the more he loves his fellow-men, the more he hates robbery and oppression. The principle is admirably and briefly stated in a printed letter published by the War Committee of the Parish of the Chapel of the Comforter, New York City:

> To love is to hate. Those who do not hate do not love. It is love of self which causes personal hatred. Christ did not love himself. Therefore he did not hate his personal enemies. He prayed for them. But he loved the Father and he loved His children. Therefore he hated the enemies of his Father and the enemies of His children.

Does not Christ command us to love our neighbor as ourselves? Yes. But do we never hate ourselves? Do we never summon our vain, greedy, selfish souls before our own judgment bar? Does our conscience never flame out against ourselves in unpitying wrath? Is there nothing in human experience which responds at times to the cry of Job, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes"? Are the words of our General Confession a mere meaningless phrase: "There is no health in us; but thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders"?

Does not Christ command us to love our enemies? Yes. But he nowhere commands us to love God's enemies or those who treat his children with malignant cruelty.

"I hate every false way."

"I hate vain thoughts."

"I hate and abhor lying."

"The fear of Jehovah is to hate evil."

"Let none of you desire evil in your hearts against your neighbor; and love no false thing; for all these things do I hate."

Have these human experiences recorded in the Old Testament been abolished by the New Testament? No; Jesus Christ looked with infinite pity upon men and women who were the victims of vicious parentage, false education, or their own baser natures—who were their own enemies. But his life affords an excellent illustration of such sayings of the ancient prophets as "I, Jehovah, love justice; I hate robbery with iniquity." Literature, ancient and modern, sacred and secular, will be searched in vain to find a more awful expression of wrath against the deliberate and purposed oppression by man of his fellow-men than is furnished in the invective poured out by Jesus against the Pharisees:

> Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy, and faith: but these ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Ye blind guides, that strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel.
>
> Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first the inside of the cup and of the platter, that the outside thereof may become clean also.
>
> Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but inwardly ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.
>
> Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye build the sepulchers of the prophets, and garnish the tombs of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we should not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore ye witness to yourselves, that ye are sons of them that slew the prophets. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?

I do not hate the Predatory Potsdam Gang because it is my enemy. I do not hate it for any evil which it has done to me. I hate it for what it has done to my defenseless neighbor across the sea. I hate it for what it is. I hate it because it is a robber, a murderer, a destroyer of homes, a pillager of churches, a violator of women. I do well to hate it. Dr. Fosdick says, "We know, when we think of it, that had we been born in Germany, there is not one chance in a million that we would be doing other than the Germans do." If I could believe this true, I should be other than I am. If I could believe that such lust and cruelty were possible in me, being what I am, I should hate myself with a bitter hatred.

We are learning, or should be learning, from this war the awfulness of sin. James, the Apostle, defines sin as lawlessness. We are learning, or should be learning, the awfulness of law-

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lessness. The Predatory Potsdam Gang has set aside the laws of nations, the laws of war, the laws of humanity, and the laws of God. That Gang regards neither the moral law nor the judgments of the civilized world. Maddened by lust of dominion, its flaming sword has written in the heavens, where all can read, the message, "Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

A young lady once asked me, years ago, whether I thought there were any really wicked men. She would hardly ask me that question now. Sin is not immaturity. There is a difference between a green apple and a worm-eaten apple. Growth will ripen the green apple, but growth will only add to the size and the appetite of the worm. There is a difference between the crudities and carelessness and mischiefs of a boy and the criminality of a Bill Sykes or an Iago. Sin is not good in the making. A process of making has been going on in Germany for the last half-century, and never will it restore the Germany of Kant and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller, of Luther and Melanchthon. Sin is positive, aggressive, destructive, and it is to be confronted with weapons that destroy and with a wrath resolute to destroy. The best thing which good will can wish for the Predatory Potsdam Gang is that it may be so thoroughly overthrown and so humiliated in its overthrow that its members may hate themselves as the civilized world now hates them. Jesus Christ spoke words of comfort to the penitent brigand. To the unpenitent brigand he said nothing. Our duty he interprets to us in the parable of the Good Shepherd, who at the hazard of his own life fought the wolf that he might save his sheep.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

MEDITATION AT DUSK

The Happy Eremite went home from the meeting of the patriots' committee formed to decide the fate of the Nation in Merrybell Hill feeling tired in body and spirit. It had been a good meeting. Farmers as well as "city folks" had proved enthusiastic and eager for something to do. He had worked hard to bring them together and had every reason to feel encouraged. But he felt no elation as he bowled home in his rickety old car, stowed the car in the garage, and sought his study.

He was sick to death of committee meetings, he said to himself, sick to death of discussion. He wanted to crawl into a hole and dream away the hours, as in the old days.

He sat down at his desk. The committee meeting had interrupted the writing of a war article which he should have completed long ago. He tried to shake off his weariness, and doggedly set to work.

But it was no use. The ideas would not come. He pushed the article aside and reached for a mass of unanswered correspondence. But he could not write even letters, it seemed.

He sat at his desk with folded hands outstretched over the disorderly array of papers. Life was too crowded these days, he said to himself, too crowded with horror, with racking sympathy, with suspense; too crowded with heart-breaking moments of exaltation and despair; too crowded with plain, grinding work that left no sense of real achievement, since in him always, in spite of all the endeavor, was the persistent suspicion that he was giving too little to the cause for which his friends were giving their lives. If he were wiser in the management of his hours, he said to himself—

He wondered whether a time ever would come again when he would be able in good conscience to fling away the hours with the largess of the days before the war. And he had been under the impression those days that he was a good deal of a worker. Out of bed at six or earlier, a little work in the study, then breakfast and a little fun with the children; then an hour or so in the study writing sonnets and things if the mood were on him, if not, smoking and hunting vaguely for inspirations in the open fire, setting down a line now and then in the hope that it might yet lead to others; then a little walk up the hill to meet the rural-delivery man for the mail; a session with the papers; then two hours or more in the study hunting for more rhymes; luncheon; again the papers; then a drive in the car to the beach or to a friend's, or some pleasant exercise on the farm; tea at five; supper at six-thirty; a book or music; then bed. That had been his schedule in the early summer of the year of the great disaster.

The Happy Eremite, sitting at his desk in May, 1918, tried to recall the life of May, 1914, and it seemed to him that it was like trying to recall a former existence on some other star. He remembered the picnic on the hill behind the house, with the Prussian reserve officer playing exquisite old folk tunes on his fiddle beside the bonfire. That was in June. He remembered the little outdoor stage in the White Mountains and a certain beloved teacher of his reciting a playful prologue of the Eremite's from a boulder in deep woods. That was in July. He remembered a flaring headline, then other flaring headlines, then war—Belgium—Louvain—the surge of irresistible gray men—Mons—the Marne.

Gradually the war had intruded itself into his life. In 1914 he had been able to see only the horror and the worry of it, and to cry, impotently, "A pest on both your houses!" In 1915 he had begun to see the issues and to take sides. In 1916 he had cried out in his heart, "This is my war! Where can I help?" In 1917 he had at last drawn the sword.

And there were no more trips to the beach, no more pleasant calls, no more dreamy adventurings after rhymes in the face of a friendly fire—

The Happy Eremite, weary of body and brain, felt a sudden thrill as he remembered the hazy self-absorption of the old days and set beside them the clear, clean objectivity of the new. In the old days, such idleness, such groping, such futile meandering through steaming meadows of debate and clever conversation; and now, one clear aim—victory; and beyond victory, one supreme ambition—service—

The Happy Eremite sat with hands folded before him, motionless, forgetting his weariness, and thanking God for the overcrowded days that meant that he had come out of a labyrinth and was on his way to the high hills.

TRAINING FOR BOYS UNDER MILITARY AGE

Not many days ago a small company of boys were drilling. They were small boys, ranging between nine and thirteen or fourteen years of age. They were slouchy; their lines were uneven; their manual of arms was ragged; altogether they were very unsoldierly.

"Those kids are hopeless," said one of the older boys who acted as officers.

In one sense the older boy was right. It is not to be expected that younger boys will, as a rule, become proficient in formal military drill; but that is not to say that they are hopeless. Those same boys, if they are normal, will in the course of a few years find the drill that they thought hateful interesting, and the rhythmic movement, the accuracy, and the self-control which seemed once far beyond their powers not only attainable but pleasurable.

This, we believe, is the conclusion reached by men who, discarding prejudice and tradition, have made a special study of the military training of boys.

Does this mean, then, that boys should not have military training until they reach, or at least approach, military age?

Not at all.

Military drill is of great disciplinary value, and increases in value with the ages of the boys who take part in it. There is no reason whatever why young boys should not have the elements of it. But, whatever question there is about the value of military drill for small boys, there is no doubt of the value for them of military training.

The reason the question about military training arises, as it often does, is that the ordinary citizen imagines that military training is nothing more than drill in military formations and in the manual of arms. As a matter of fact, formal military drill, though essential to the education of soldiers, is only a part, and a small part, of what the soldier has to learn. In particular, the training of the modern soldier is very elaborate, and a great deal of it, it might be said that practically all of it, is of value to the man who has received it, whether he becomes a soldier or not. An army encounters

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ıe primitive, elemental facts of life—such facts as the need or food and shelter. It must provide itself with transportaon. It must be able to reconstruct what has been destroyed. t must dig into the earth. It must send some of its men into ıe air. And all that it does it must be capable of doing in the ıce of a withering, devastating fire from the enemy. That :aining for such a life as this can be met only by formal military rill is impossible. The soldier must learn how to march nd deploy and skirmish, and how to handle his weapons; but e has got to learn also how to take care of himself in a life in ıe open and how to help provide shelter and many other neces- ities of a fighting force.

This constructive side of the soldier's duties as well as the isciplinary side of drill is valuable for him as a citizen; and ; is just this side that can be inculcated in boys of ten to xteen years of age. Military training for boys should begin ith this side of the soldier's education.

But more than that. Military training will be ineffective, in ıct impossible, unless the boys who are to be trained have a good hysical foundation. This means physical training in early years -and physical training of the right kind. Here is something ıat is essential for the soldier; but hardly less valuable and nportant for a man, whether he becomes a soldier or not.

If our American boys had had from their tenth or twelfth ear a training that would have been a real development of the ody and a real instruction in the practical use of tools, in the rt of living together under primitive conditions, and in those lementary principles of citizenship that can be learned not from ext-books but from life, and if they had received this training rom the Federal Government in preparation to meet their duty hich the Constitution of our country places upon every Ameri- an man to serve when necessary in defense of the Nation, our xemption boards would not have had to report sixty to seventy- ve per cent of the young men called unfit to serve, timidity ould not have been exalted into a virtue and named love of eace, disloyalty would not have dared to raise its head, and ıen sent to the training camps would not have had to spend ıonths learning what might easily have been second nature to hem if they had had the right training in their boyhood.

It is this sort of training which Mr. Taylor, in his article on Training Young America," printed elsewhere in this issue, escribes. Major-General Leonard Wood, who established the)fficers' Training Camps before the war broke out in 1914, who ; more than any one else to be credited with the development f the Plattsburg idea and its extension through the camp at 'lum Island in 1916 downward to boys of sixteen to nineteen ears of age, and who is therefore probably the highest author- ity in this country on military training, and who deserves to be everlastingly remembered as the creator in America of a democratic army, has indorsed the plan set forth by Mr. Taylor; for he has written in a Foreword to Mr. Taylor's "Boys' Camp Manual" as follows:

> I note with satisfaction that special stress is laid upon physical development and physical training. This is especially important from a military standpoint. In order to be effective and efficient soldiers men must have good bodies.
>
> The work which Mr. Taylor is doing and proposes to do will send to us that portion of the youth of the country who come under his control in far better condition to receive their final military training than would otherwise be possible.
>
> The course in construction which Mr. Taylor gives is of very real and practical value, enabling them to take care not only of themselves but of others.

In such a course of military training, therefore, as Mr. Taylor proposes and General Wood indorses there are three outstanding elements: training for physical fitness, training of the capacity for construction, and training by military drill. These three elements ought to be present in the training of all American citizens, and they ought to be adjusted to one another in such a fashion that the boy of ten or twelve would be able to follow that training wherever he lived in the United States, and whether or not he moved from one State to another in the course of the years. To be general such training would have to be carried out in all the schools of the country. At present, however, the public schools are not under any National control, but are in the educational systems of the separate States. There is one way, and only one way, so far as we know, by which a National system of education can be introduced (except under the power of Congress to raise armies)—and that method is by grants in aid. It is by grants of money to such schools as will comply with the requirements laid down by the Federal Government that agricultural education has been Nationally fostered. Similarly, by grants of money to such schools as will observe a Nationally devised and controlled system of training the States can obtain the funds needed for such education and the Nation can prepare its boys for the duties that lie before them.

We have gambled with the lives of our youths. We have let them grow up to manhood without the right training, on the chance—the remote chance, the practically non-existent chance—that they would never be called to defend the institutions and the liberties which were established and preserved by the blood of others. It is ridiculous and criminal to take such chances with the lives of American boys. It is time that the Nation took measures for the training, the development, the protection, of its most valuable possession—its youth.

HOW THEY WENT AWAY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

IT was about the third week of the big battle of Picardy. Ever since the beginning of that mad rush of the Hun the atmosphere of the camp had been electric. The boys did not ay much—every one who has come closely in touch with the merican soldier has remarked the entire absence of boastfulness in his make-up—but they were doing a good deal of thinkıg, and reading every paper they could get their hands on, and ccasionally one would burst out with the wish that he might et across before the big scrap was over. The difference between he languor of the winter and the new spirit with which they ent about their drills was the clearest evidence that something as working. They were again as they had been in the sumıer when they first came to camp, when they went at everyhing with a snap and a dash because they hoped soon to go cross. But those hopes had faded as the fall passed on into inter, and they settled down to the daily round of drills and ectures with more or less machine-like regularity, and about as uch enthusiasm as a machine has—say a drill press or a planer. he advance of the Hun and the apparent peril of the Allied rmies and the word that the American troops were being ushed across brought a new cheer, the same cheer that a vicory would have brought, for now they felt sure they would go.

The word came early in the morning that such and such contingents were to leave that night. It meant disappointment keen and bitter for those who had still to wait, but it meant a lot of work for those about to go. Blankets had to be rolled, ticks had to be emptied, cots folded up, and barracks bags packed and loaded. All day long the Post Exchange did a rushing business in chocolate and chewing-gum and crackers and other easily carried articles which provoke the wrath of the Post Surgeon and swell the sick calls, so he declares. And the Y. M. C. A. hut was thronged with men demanding quantities of paper for letters on the transports, wrapping paper for packages going home, and all the myriad other things for which they have learned to look to that foster-mother of every khaki-clad lad, the Y. As the day wore on and everything was done, they had little to keep them busy except the good-bys to other less fortunate contingents and attendance hourly on the roll-call which was meant to prevent straggling—as though any one wanted to straggle then!

At length taps sounded and the great camp was still. I don't think any one ever understands what silence means until he has spent a night in a military camp and has been abroad after taps. The place which has been a buzzing hive all day now lies so

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quiet. You are aware that there are thousands of men within call, representing power of enormous measure, being shaped for the deadliest of struggles; but there is no sound, no light, no movement. It is a stillness that rises up and covers you and possesses you. But to-night the silence was broken, lights shone from some of the barracks, and soon those of us who waited at headquarters saw the doors flung open and the lines issue forth. They were coming to the great mess-hall for the last meal before they took the train that was to hurry them to the waiting ships, every man with his heavy pack on his back. Hot, satisfying food was ready in plenty in the mess-hall, and great steaming tanks of coffee.

The American soldier may be hungry some time before he gets back—though it is not likely—but here he knows nothing of wheatless days or nights. Of course he kicks about it, but, as the grizzled old Regular once said: "When the American soldier does not kick about his meals, he's ready for the hospital. He's sick." This night none of them looked sick or acted that way. They ate their fill, and as they ate I went among them with others of the Y staff, saying good-by to them, caring for their last commissions, taking the messages that were to be sent to friends when the word came to us that their ship was safe on the other side. It was interesting to study their faces. Some were a bit sad; not that they were going, nor that they were afraid, but they could not help thinking a bit about their mothers and their sweethearts who were left behind. Most were serious, for they knew a serious job was ahead of them, that this was war, not play, at last. But I did not find a man who wanted to change places with those of us who had to stay behind. The thing for which they had left home and for which they had trained all these months was near at hand, and they were not merely ready but eager for it. I thought of the hundreds of homes, stretching from the Atlantic to the Sierras, which would not hear for weeks until they got our messages that the ship was safe, and I wished that I might tell in each of those homes of the look of high resolve on their boy's face as he went forth on his questing. Many of them had come to the camp months before with the spirit of

"Careless boys at play."

They went forth like men that night—men ready for a great and holy task—the task we have set for ourselves of making the world safe for democracy.

An officer stepped from the group near the door leading to the officers' mess. He spoke quietly to a sergeant, and a sharp command rang through the hall, "Fall in." Strapping their heavy packs about them, they filed out into the cold spring moonlight and lined up for the last roll call on the parade. The sergeant's voice sounded clearer than it had in the daytime, and every man answered, "Present." There were no A. W. O. L.'s [absentees without leave?] that night. All was ready, and the command was given to march. Quickly the fours formed, and down over the parade where they had drilled so often, past the barracks that had been their homes so long, and out of the gate where they had bullied the guards when they had overstayed their leave, they swung. We followed them to the gate and listened to the pound of their hobnails on the pavement of the hard city street. They marched as one, quick and eager, just as their hearts beat as one. A window near by was thrown up and an unmistakable Irish voice called, "Good-by, boys, God bless yez." But no answering voice came back, just a steady tramp, tramp, tramp, on and farther away, until it died into silence. Shortly after we heard a whistle and the train had gone.

In such a fashion, without drums but with dreadful earnestness, your boy went to the war.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS.

THE BEAST'S HEAD

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM FRANCE

ON Easter Sunday I went to Paris on leave. I wanted to see with my own eyes how Paris behaved under the Gothas and the fantastic cannon, with the war's crucial battle raging one hundred miles to the north. My application for an immediate assignment to a battery in the Somme had been refused, as there was only a week's more work at the training camp, so I went to the capital for Sunday.

The German psychologists justify their murders by the announcement that they will break down the French resistance and will-to-fight by striking terror into the heart of France—Paris.

I was walking along a broad avenue Easter afternoon when the Parisian world was strolling out for its after-dinner constitutional. The little tables on the sidewalks in front of the cafés were crowded, the paraders were passing leisurely—but without the usual army of Allied officers on leave, so that it seemed almost like Paris before the war. Two blocks away, without even a warning whir-r-r, a shell landed after its three-minute journey.

"*Ça y est*," I heard a woman announce placidly to her elderly escort, whose noisy sip of coffee was interrupted neither by the shell nor the remark. And, so far as I observed, that was the only attention that any one within eyeshot or earshot paid to the instrument that the German newspapers announce has driven Paris trembling to her cellars.

But the shell killed one woman and maimed another in the house where it struck.

In the Bois de Boulogne the spring had brought the first thin screen of leaves and warmed the fresh grass, where were the usual picnic parties and where the children were rolling hoops or proudly exhibiting their colored eggs to one another. A herd of tame deer scampered through the trees near by and three stags trotted across the wooded road ahead of me. All these military menaces to Germany seemed strangely untouched by panic.

On Easter Monday night there was a raid by the Gothas. The most appalling feature of the average raid is the roar of the protecting guns, which beat out a steady accompaniment to the more sensational themes of falling bombs.

But not a voice was raised in the well-filled hotel where I stopped; not a single step did I hear in the long dark corridors. And out in the square in front dark shapes moved and gathered in groups, conversing animatedly and watching the curtain fire.

Panic? It seems that German science is much stronger on chemistry than psychology.

But these raids have had an effect. They have had an important effect on the outcome of the war. I have seen undeniable evidence of it in three quarters—namely, in the French army, in the French rear, and in the American army.

The first effect is this: it has eliminated the last element of traditional discord between the front and the rear. Paris shares in a small way some of the perils of the front—the *poilu* from the provinces knows that the Deputies, the munition workers, the bureau people, and society are under fire. The sympathy tightens. And some one he knows has lost a wife or child—eighty members of a congregation killed at worship—and again one Frenchman holds back his three beasts in gray, and French motor batteries drive up within two hundred yards of the Boche positions and put their guns in action.

And in the rear—the easiest way to ignore the Gothas is to work to exhaustion. The production of every manner of war material increases as if by magic. Paris glows with pride to be sharing a trifle of the daily food of those "down there."

And the Americans—they have seen the beast's head raised again, and they know why they are in France. The slaughter on Good Friday has given them the clear vision they seemed sometimes to lack. They are going down into the Somme with a righteous hate in their hearts that will make them worthy comrades of the French.

The German psychologists are to be thanked. They have made the American Army. They have given us the propaganda we needed—and it was only a few brief lines of *communiqué*.

That is what I found in the "panic-stricken heart of France."

Paris, April 4, 1918. C. L. W.

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THE TRAGEDY OF FINLAND

BY HERMAN MONTAGU DONNER

EVEN amid the stupendous shock of arms on the western front Finland engages the world's attention with a poignant interest of its own; for here, framed in miniature, unfolds the whole gigantic drama of the world's future; here we see a self-governing little people, democratic to the core, the first of the hitherto small subject nations to achieve independence during the world war, assailed treacherously from within as well as from without, fighting a desperate battle, not only for liberty, but for very life.

To an adequate understanding of events a certain amount of knowledge of antecedent political conditions is necessary. In the very first place, the population of Finland is not entirely homogeneous. A Swedish element, one-eleventh of the total inhabitants, furnished the ruling class for many generations. It is through this element that Finland first came into contact with Western culture and liberalism, and through its Swedish literature and Swedish intellectual and merchant classes was made known to the world at large. Nevertheless the racial division constituted a certain weakness; for in later years the Russian bureaucracy availed itself of this division to tear Finland's Constitution to tatters.

When the world war broke out, in August, 1914, it might have been thought that Russia, fighting for once on the side of right against might, would have minimized, or even abandoned, her Finnish policy of duplicity and oppression. So far, however, was this from being the case that, under the pretext of martial law, she proceeded to intensify her persecution of Finland till the commonest every-day rights of a free people were trampled upon, including those of public and even private meeting, a free press, free speech, and just trial by law. Under these circumstances, many of the Finnish youth determined to join the ranks of Russia's enemies in order to aid, if possible, in the downfall of the loathed tyranny. Some hundreds of Finnish youth succeeded in escaping over the border into Sweden, thence making their way into Germany, and there, after a further course of training, forming a battalion known as the "Finnische Jaeger." They stipulated, however, that they were to be used exclusively to fight the Russians and not to be sent against the French or British, with neither of whom had they any quarrel, and with whom, moreover, many of their countrymen proceeded to take service. Immediately on the fall of the Czar's despotism these Finnish soldiers petitioned to be returned to Finland, as their cause was won; but the German military authorities, while publicly feigning to accede to their request, kept them interned in camp on the outskirts of Riga for some months, until the latest trend of events in the new republic across the gulf made it to the Prussian interest to comply with their demand.

With the fall of the Czar and his iniquitous bureaucratic tyranny, Finlanders were surely justified in thinking that the end of the reign of oppression had finally dawned, since the Russian people were known to be in full accord with the aspiration for the restoration of Finland to her ancient constitutional liberties.

But events were only too quickly to dispel this optimistic view. The promising Lvoff-Milyukoff Government machine enjoyed but a brief tenure of office, and the latest Finnish Diet elected during the Czarist régime was, on the very day of its assembling in June of 1917, forcibly dissolved at the point of Muscovite bayonets at the behest of Kerensky, in the face of his recognition of the right of a people to choose its own form of government.

The Kerensky Government fell in its turn. The Finlanders then declared themselves for unconditional independence in the form of a republic. The next step, therefore, was the election of another Diet to take the place of the one forcibly prorogued. All classes of Finlanders took part in this latest election, based on universal suffrage, including that of women, with the result that the former Socialist majority of 103 votes out of 200 in the June Diet was turned into a minority of 92, despite the fact that the party polled 75,000 more votes than before.

This result was due to the excesses committed throughout the country by the Socialists. Unable to bend the Senate to their will, they had organized a governing body of their own in Broholm, a suburb of Helsingfors, and thence had sent out orders for a general strike to enforce their demands on the country at large. Their proclamation was of the kind familiar to all who have been made acquainted with the doctrine of class hatred promulgated by the extreme Socialists ever since the days of Marx. It read: "The *bourgeoisie* must now understand that Finland's working class has uttered its final say, and has risen in order with all its might to secure full guarantees for the protection of its living conditions and for popular government. Furthermore, it intends to pursue its interrupted fight to the bitter end."

At the start the movement had been fairly orderly and temperate, beyond the forcible closing of non-Socialist printing offices. But later, when stores had been looted of spirituous liquors and weapons seized and distributed, serious disorders broke out, and it was not long before the situation had got entirely beyond the control of the moderate element and degenerated into a series of deliberate acts of sabotage and murder throughout the rural districts, in which the Russian soldiery, scattered through the country, and since the wholesale assassination of their officers loosed from all the bonds of discipline, took an active and ever-increasing part. One of the most flagrant examples of this flood of anarchy was the forcible seizure of half a million Finnish marks (*i. e.*, about a hundred thousand dollars) by the Red Guard, as the armed adherents of the Socialists had come to be universally known, from the municipal treasury of Åbo on November 20, under threats to burn the city, and the subsequent pillage and partial wrecking of many of the principal stores and warehouses, largely through pure lust of destruction and unreasoning vengefulness.

The new Diet, with its non-Socialist majority, was elected on October 2, and immediately formed a government under the premiership of ex-Judge Svinhufvud, the president of many previous Diets in the days of the Czarist despotism, a man widely known beyond the boundaries of the country and universally respected and loved. In this governing body the discontented Socialists refused to take any part, but, preferring to place the class interests of the proletariat above those of the nation as a whole, withdrew with loud threats of dire happenings to come.

And here one striking fact should never be allowed to drop out of mind. In Finland there were no such extremes of poverty and wealth as confront the sociologist in other and more populous and well-endowed communities. On the contrary, people had for many decades enjoyed a form of autonomous rule more thoroughly and genuinely democratic than that possessed perhaps by any other country whatsoever, and all the oppression under which they had cause to groan had been imposed upon them by a foreign despot against the unceasing protests of their own representatives. The movement which these Finnish Socialists embodied and pressed with such indiscriminate savagery upon their countrymen was therefore essentially a foreign one, extraneous to any real needs of Finland.

In the meanwhile Lenine and Trotsky, at the head of the new Bolshevik Government in Petrograd, formally acknowledged Finnish national independence and ordered the Russian military forces to withdraw from the occupied territory. This act was promptly followed by official recognition of the new Republic on the part of the Governments of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Germany, Switzerland, and France, and, in the case of England, as a government *de facto*, if not *de jure*.

The Socialists of Finland, seeing the reins of power slipping from their grasp for good, and only too well aware of the fact that public opinion was turning more and more emphatically from them, now determined that the time had come to fulfill their threats. Knowing themselves to be too weak to carry out their programme of violence and intimidation unaided, and seeing in the undisciplined Russian military, with whom they had established a policy of fraternization, a powerful instrument at hand, they appealed to them not to leave the country, but to come to the aid of the Red Guard in overturning the Government and replacing it by one of their own. To this petition the Bolsheviki turned a ready ear, and Lenine and Trotsky, in their turn, instead of abiding by their pledge to Finland, not only gave active countenance to the insurrectionary movement, but,

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what was tantamount to a declaration of war, sent fourteen thousand fresh troops into Finland, plentifully supplied with cannon, machine guns, mortars, armored cars, and rifles, on the pretext that, as the new Finnish Government was not a proletarian one after the model of that set up in Petrograd, it must be replaced with one more to the liking of the Bolsheviki! The old example of Russian interference in Finnish affairs was too strong and too recent to be abandoned, no matter what lofty principles might conflict with its resumption!

Accordingly the Socialist revolution was soon in full swing, opening in Viborg, the town closest to the Russian border, on January 25, and marked by a series of unspeakable atrocities committed by the Red Guard throughout Finland, with the active support of the Bolshevist troops.

Under these circumstances the Finnish Government found itself powerless. As long ago as 1902 the Finnish army had been abolished by the Czar, and consequently, lacking means of effective resistance, the legally elected Government could do nothing except take to flight and leave the capital to the armed Red Guard and their Russian accomplices, recruited by numbers of criminals who had been previously released from prison by orders from Broholm in order to take part in the work of terrorization. Most of the Government officials left Helsingfors, the capital, during the night of January 26–27, for the north. The few remaining Ministers, together with several of their Parliamentary supporters, were arrested by the Red Guard when the latter seized the Government buildings the next day, and kept in confinement from a week to ten days. One of the members of the Diet, Mikkola by name, was murdered in his cell. At the same time the banks were rifled of such funds and securities as had not been removed to a place of safety. Of course the loyal Diet could hold no session. The Red Guard proceeded to set up a "People's Commissariat" after the Petrograd model. A veritable Reign of Terror was inaugurated. The wild excesses that followed were of such a nature as to shock the more moderate Socialists themselves. In this tragic farce one of the most notorious released criminals, a man who had committed more than one murder, named Savinainen, played a leading part, bringing in a bill of his own! Disillusionment, discontent, and, as the funds gave out, actual want, began to work among the followers of the Red Guard, and a serious split occurred in the Socialist ranks.

Meanwhile the Constitutional Government had established itself in Vasa, the capital of the province of Oesterbotten (East Bothnia), on the west coast, whence it issued, on February 1, a proclamation addressed to the people of Finland.

It declared that Finland's "newly won independence has been exposed, through a comprehensive act of high treason, to the most threatening danger," and appealed to all Finlanders to rally to the support of the Constitutional Government, and in particular of "our national volunteer defense organization," known as the White Guard, "to insure and consolidate our people's liberty, to protect our homes, and to re-establish lawful order and the supremacy of the Diet."

The response of the people was enthusiastic and prompt. From all parts of the country the loyal inhabitants came pouring in—men of all classes, nobleman and peasant, merchant and farmer, clerk and fisherman—with any and all kinds of weapons, and all burning with zeal to blot out the stain with which the Red Guard had besmirched the honor and fair name of Finland.

The opportunity to prove their mettle was immediately forthcoming.

At the time of the issuance of the manifesto the 42d Russian Army Corps was stationed in Oesterbotten, and immediately issued orders to the Finns—in the most flagrant contempt of the fact that the independence of Finland had been formally recognized by their own Soviet in Petrograd, to say nothing of other foreign governments—to the effect that the White Guard should immediately disband and their followers and supporters disarm, under penalty of the destruction of the city of Vasa. The response was as instantaneous as it must have been unexpected. The Finnish forces immediately gave battle, and disarmament soon thereafter took place—*but of the Russian troops*, who suffered an ignominious defeat. The news spread like wildfire, and all over the country the natives flocked to the White Guard standards, with the result that the Russian garrisons were beaten and disarmed at Toby, Laihela, Ylistarc Lappo, Seinäjoki, Ilmola, and Lillkyro.

But ever-increasing armed forces came pouring into Finlan from across the Russian border in response to the appeals o the Red Guard, and it became necessary for the White Guar to find weapons of warfare for its thousands of eager but un armed adherents if they were to avert the final ruin of thei cause and their country's liberties. In these sore straits the turned to Sweden, but, although some hundreds of Swedes, off cers and men alike, responded with alacrity as private ind viduals, the Swedish Government, afraid apparently of th Socialists within its own gates, contented itself with platoni phrases of sympathy.

Deprived of the expected help in this quarter and desperat at the threatened loss of everything that lent life itself an value, the Finnish Constitutional Government found itself com pelled to seek the necessaries of warfare in the only quarte that remained, viz., Germany. Complying with the reques Germany promptly shipped artillery, arms, and ammunition b sea from Libau to Vasa, and from Riga transported the re maining Finnische Jaeger to their native shores to swell th forces of the White Guards. Undoubtedly Germany saw he profit in the transaction—she does nothing without an ulteric motive—and exacted an adequate recompense, which it was nc in the power of the hard-pressed Finnish Government to decline but the fact remains that Germany helped the Constitution Government of Finland to defend itself against the rebel Re Guard and alien Bolshevist troops and defy the otherwise tr umphant forces of anarchy and high treason on its soil.

Now, for the first time, adequately equipped for the inte necine warfare forced upon it, the Finnish White Guarc infinitely superior to its opponent in intelligence and disciplin and capably officered by tried leaders who have won their repu tations against the Germans on the eastern front, is makin excellent headway, and at present writing controls not only th whole of the north and center, but nearly all the southern an eastern part of the country.

The spirit of the whole native White Guard movement epitomized in the following ringing proclamation of Gener Mannerheim, the White Guard's commander-in-chief:

> I swear in the name of the Finnish peasants' army, whose leader I have the honor to be, not to sheathe my sword in its scabbard again until lawful order has been restored in the land, all fortresses are in our hands, and the last soldier of Lenine, together with the last hooligan, is finally driven out of Russian Karelia as well as Finland. Relying upon our high cause, our brave men and devoted women, we look forward to creating a great and powerful Finland.

With eighty thousand troops now either in thorough batt trim or actively training, the loyalist White Guard has ever prospect of a speedy victory over the combined forces of th Red Guard and their Bolshevist allies, in which event Finlan will be able to proceed to the prompt restoration of that orde and tranquillity for which she has always hitherto been famou and to the development of her social and political well-being.

Unfortunately, however, another and even more sinister infl ence, if at present more innocent-seeming, looms upon the horizo of Finland's future, further to bedevil the already comple situation which, if left to itself as between the native faction would speedily find its own solution. The shadow of the insatia and crafty Prussian colossus lies athwart the land, and alread the discredited Red Guard are making capital out of it, an not least here in America, to befog the fundamental issue an envelop their opponents in a mist of foul aspersions. In view c this, Americans must be doubly on their guard against th supposition that there is any desire on the part of the Finnis Government or their White Guard supporters to come und the sway, whether open or secret, of Germany, or even to ente tain any sympathy with the aims or ambitions of the Teuton Power. The extent of their feeling in that direction consis solely in a certain degree of gratitude, natural and legitimate i the exceptional circumstances, for the help extended in Finland hour of direst need, which help, however, would much soon have been owed to the Allies, had this been possible, an which was actually in the first place sought from Sweden.

Had Sweden, casting all other considerations of opport

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nism or, shall we say, downright timidity, to the winds, come promptly to her distressed neighbor's assistance, she would have solved the difficult situation to the ultimate advantage of herself no less than of Finland, and by cutting the ground from under the feet of further Prussian intrigue would have served the whole Allied cause and won for herself a place of high honor. She, however, let the great opportunity slip, and now finds herself rewarded by the more or less openly expressed contempt of the Teutonic military power, culminating in the high-handed seizure of the Åland Islands, commanding the entrance to both the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia, and therefore possessed of an immense strategical value. This act on the part of Germany was all the grosser an infraction of international comity since the future of the islands was even then the subject of discussion between Finland and Sweden, the former of which had actually landed a small force to drive out the marauding Bolshevist invaders. And now latest despatches bring the news of the landing of German troops in Helsingfors for the declared purpose of capturing the Russian fleet there lying unofficered and futile, and of the participation of German forces in the capture of Viborg by the White Guard, as well as in what appears to have been a decisive battle near Tavastchus, ending in the loss by the Red Guard of most of their army, artillery, and supplies. In the presence of such evidence of new and unwelcome German power in the young Republic, the Finlanders may well look their gift-horse in the mouth with sinking hearts and pray secretly for the triumph on the western front of the sore-pressed Allies, in whom they are perfectly aware, in the sanctuary of their breasts, lies the only real hope for the eventual assurance and preservation of not only their own but any democracy and liberty on the face of the earth henceforth.

Finland is thus overshadowed from converging directions by the black pinions of the Bolshevist vulture and of the Prussian eagle. Will the shadow fall, or will it lift? That is what every sincere American must ask himself as he watches the unfoldment of the present tragedy of Finland.

HEART'S ALLEGIANCE

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

I HAVE often noticed in my visits to the Italian front that over the fields where men have fought and along the devastated lines of twisted barbed wire the native wild flowers spring forth in great and colorful profusion as the aftermath of blood and suffering.

Somehow I often vision this fact in relation to the results which this war will work upon the spirit of the immigrant world, upon those hundreds of thousands of European peasant laborers who have known America; and I feel that the suffering and sacrifices which our country must henceforth face in ever greater measure will brighten the smoldering fire under our great "melting pot" into a vast consuming blaze, destroying the disloyal (the unassimilable, in the language of other days) among our alien population, but sublimating into an enduring heart allegiance the political allegiance of those countless immigrants among us for whom America will have become truly their *Patria*.

In these long, exciting years of absence from "my own land" the brightest moments have seemed to me those occasions of my intimate talks with returned Italian immigrants, with the humble men who had come back to fight for Italy, but whose eyes sparkled at the mention of America.

To the question put by me to hundreds of these returned immigrants at the front, whether, after the war, they were going back to America, I have had an invariable and constant answer. But it was not so much the unanimity of assent which struck me as the tone in which that invariable "Sure!" with its East Side forcefulness of finality, was flung back at me. I hear it echo over the white stretches of the Adamello Glacier and along the jagged sides of the hard-won and tragically lost trenches of the Carso; it comes reverberating through the men-made caverns of the Trentino mountain bulwarks where former West Virginia coal workers labored at countermining against the hated Austrians. I hear that monosyllable voiced like a declaration of faith in the midst of suffering, like a challenge to the doubters of our democracy; and in the vision of those scenes of struggle—in trench and hospital—the spiritual impulse behind that "Sure!" seems both a great flame of human tenderness and a tiny flame of human wistfulness.

It is at the feet, as it were, of just such men that I have grown wise; wise with the knowledge of a latent, unexpressed force or *virtu* instinct in the life of a mixed people such as constitutes the present American State, of an element or potentiality in our National life which has escaped statutory expression because it is too subtle for juridic definition, but which was well within the hopes and the vision of the fathers of the Republic. Let us call it human allegiance or heart's allegiance, as distinct and different from political allegiance, yet politically potent and active as a cohesive and unifying power in a Nation of diverse races and varied political antecedents.

To most of the returned immigrants to whom I have spoken the distinction between Italian and American citizenship has seemed, and is, vague and unreal; it exists in their minds, if at all, as a legalistic distinction; a thing for lawyers to wrangle over, not something of real moment to human souls. What counts with them is what they *feel* far more than what they do, even if what they do is to stand ready to die like men. In other words, it is a human rather than a political aspiration which is uppermost in their minds. Fighting on the Italian front or fighting "Over There," wearing the Italian gray-green or the American khaki, made little difference in the heart's allegiance of these men, though occasionally a certain wistfulness shone in the eyes of those who, had they been free to choose, might have preferred the cowboy sombrero to the *képi* of the *fantaccino*.

This is the spirit which is abroad in the world—in the immigrant world; this is America's reward for having offered to every humble yet adventurous soul the longed-for opportunity, for having tendered a home and a refuge to the disinherited of every land. For only through such largesse could the spiritual revolution have been accomplished by which the age-old idea of loyalty to a racial group has been converted into an allegiance by racially divided and even opposite elements to a *Patria* representing essentially human as distinguished from political ideals.

Yes, this is the spirit which is abroad in the immigrant world to-day on both sides of the Atlantic, of which I may cite one or two illustrative examples.

Some days ago an oldish peasant woman knocked at the door of the office of our military attaché here; then, in the presence of Uncle Sam's busy officers, she drew from the innermost pocket of her voluminous skirt a letter from her eldest son in America, and asked, a little timidly, for the kindness of an explanation as to the exact meaning of some of its contents, for it was not clear to her how her boys who were subject to military duty in Italy (and how that thought had worried her!) could be volunteers (and such happy volunteers, it seemed) in the Army of the United States.

Here is the letter which sounded a little strange to that Italian mother. It loses, however, much of its peculiar charm in the translation from the halting Italian original:

"——, Long Island.

"*Dear Mother*—I received your letter with great pleasure. From it I learn that you are well, and also my little brother Guglielmo. But I don't see why you do not seem to understand that I am in the American Aviation Service. I wrote you about it some time ago, and also that Aurelio is in the Army. Rest assured that both of us are glad to give our lives for liberty and to abolish the German slavery and destroy those unnatural

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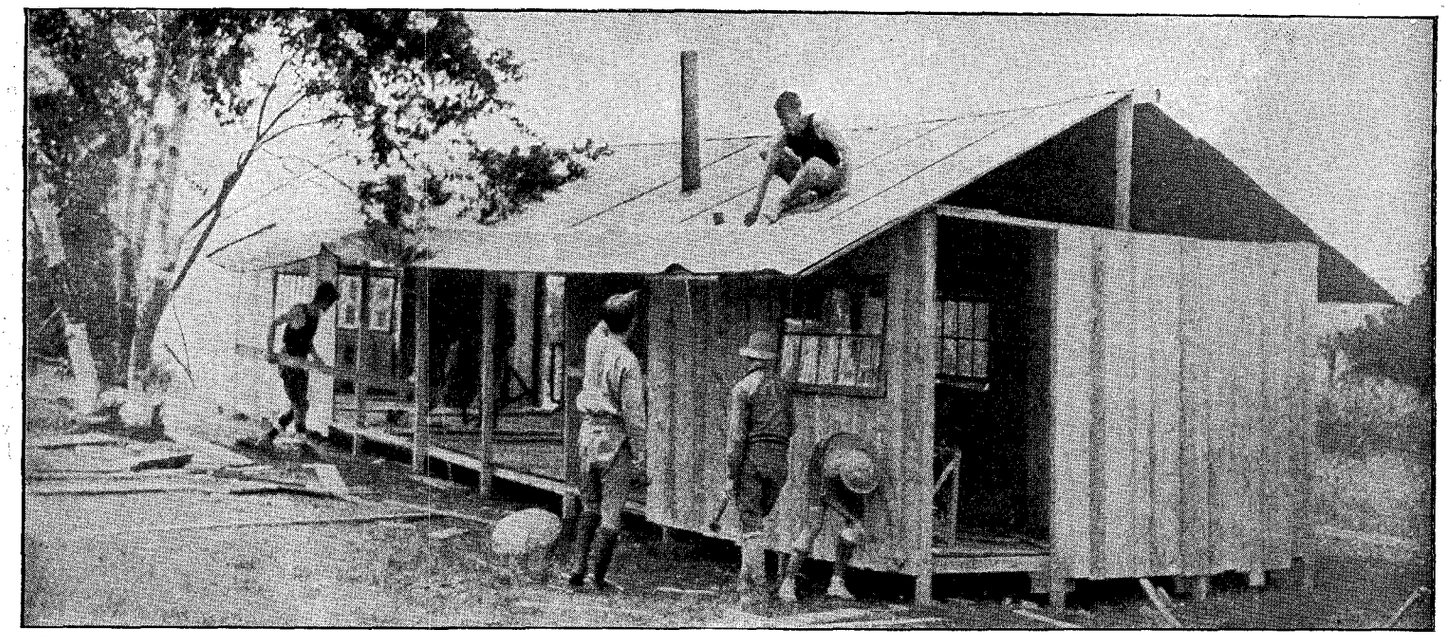
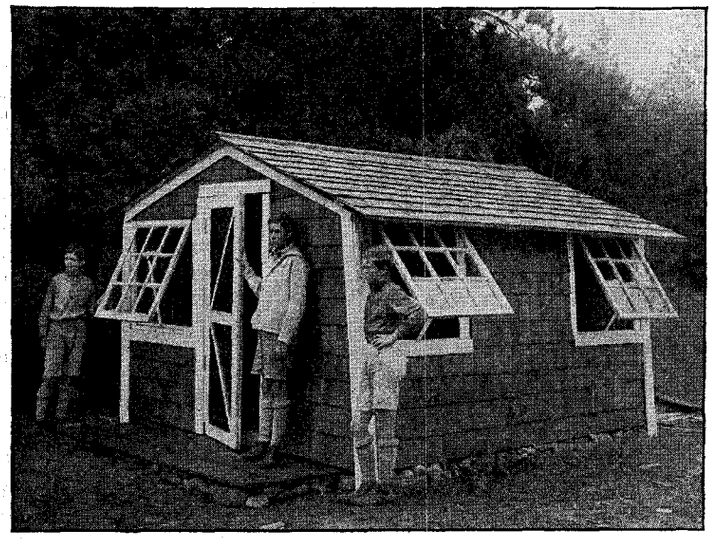
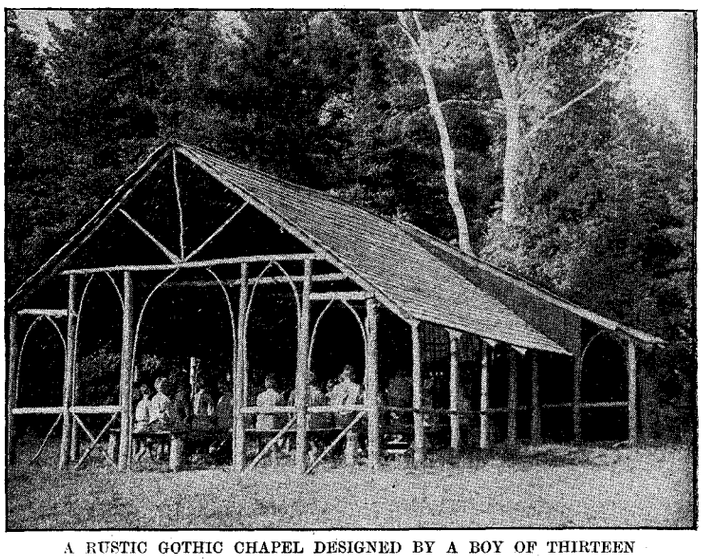


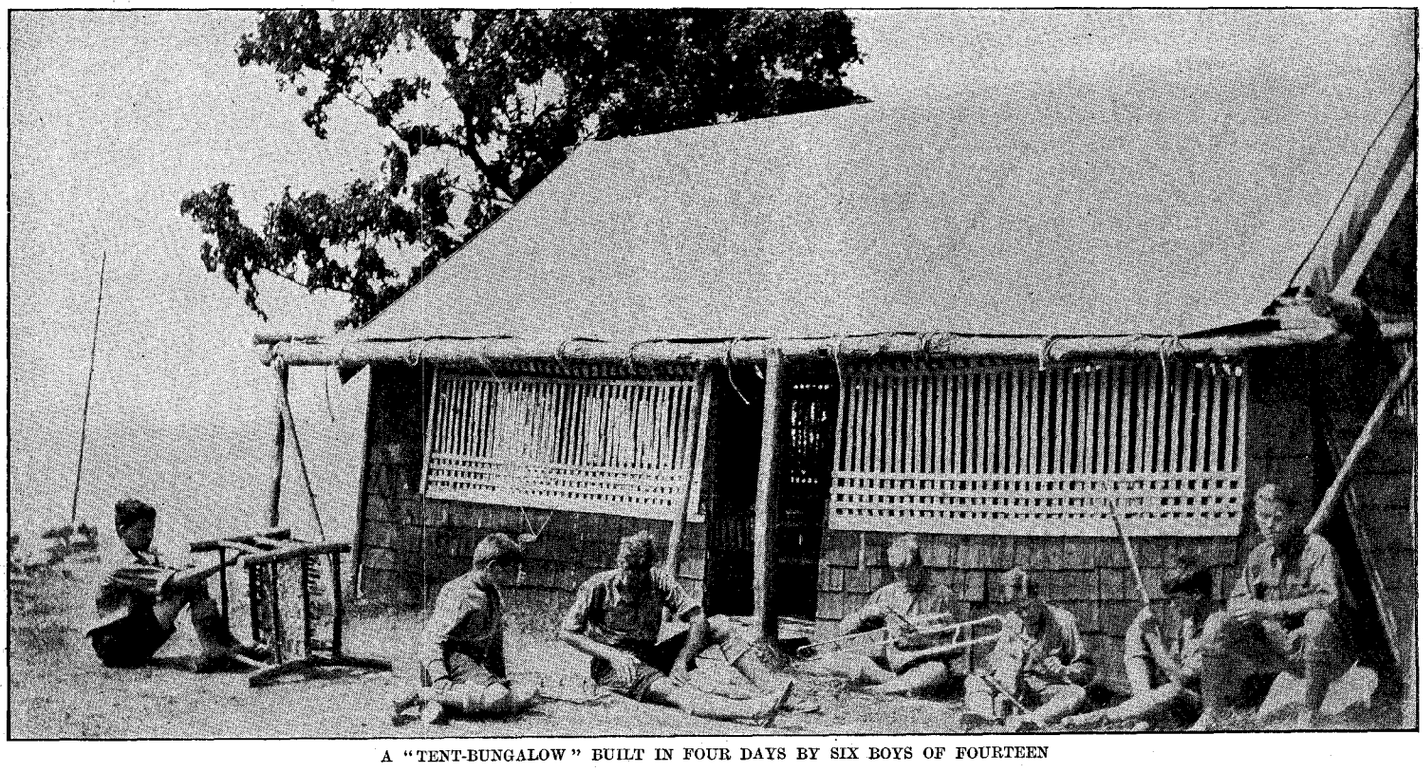
BUILDING A BARRACKS IN QUICK TIME—TWELVE BOYS, AVERAGING FOURTEEN YEARS, COMPLETED THIS STRUCTURE IN TWENTY HOURS—"240 BOY HOURS"



A VISITORS' BUNGALOW BUILT AS A "STUNT" IN A FEW HOURS BY SOME FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOYS



A RUSTIC GOTHIC CHAPEL DESIGNED BY A BOY OF THIRTEEN



A "TENT-BUNGALOW" BUILT IN FOUR DAYS BY SIX BOYS OF FOURTEEN

"TRAINING YOUNG AMERICA"—WHAT THE BOYS OF ONE CAMP BUILT

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enemies who would like to be the *padroni* of the world. I fly on a hydroplane and am taking a pilot's course. In seven months of service I have already reached a fine grade. I started as nothing, and now I am a second-class petty officer. I don't know what this would correspond to in Italy, but the photograph which I inclose will show you what I am. Notice that I have two stripes and an eagle on my uniform. The eagle stands for America. I have made a number of flights, and, I tell you, it's great! But my ambition is to become a pilot and fly over Germany and spread death and destruction there. If the war doesn't end soon, I'll surely get my chance at her. I am in the best of health, thank God, and let us hope that during the current year I shall become a pilot. I'm studying very hard for it, even the French language, which is taught to us—would you believe it?—in the house of a millionaire! You can't imagine how everybody tries to do something for us. I do hope that you understand that I was a volunteer when America entered the war."

I shall close with another little example of heart's allegiance out of hundreds I might cite. It was at the American Hospital in Florence about a month after the United States had joined in the conflict and I was making my little daily visit to a ward where every soldier patient had stuck a tiny starry flag above his bed next to the Italian tricolor. "Jimmy," the swarthy immigrant from Basilicata, who had worked on the Santa Fé Railroad, motioned to me to draw near. He was in great excitement, and searched feverishly under his pillow till he found a letter which he held up solemnly for my inspection; but before I could read it he was telling me of its contents, speaking in spurts from the tension of emotion. "It's from me brother—in Oregon. He's an American soldier—volunteer—you understand?" He stopped a moment under the stress of his mounting excitement; then, sitting up in bed despite his shattered leg, he went on, slowly: "I got a bullet in me leg—for Italy's sake; now—I hope—me brother will get hurt too—for America—then—it will all be—squared up. See?"

TRAINING YOUNG AMERICA

BY CHARLES KEEN TAYLOR

What Mr. Taylor writes in the following article is not theoretical; it is the product of study, experiment, and experience. For years he has conducted a camp for boys at considerable expense to himself. The only profit which he has received has been the knowledge which he has accumulated, and that he has shared with others. He has carried on research on this subject in a thoroughgoing fashion at Columbia University, and in the course of his research has collected data obtainable only by the use of laboratory methods. He is the author of several books on this and related subjects. His most recent book is "The Boys' Camp Manual," published by the Century Company. Other books of his are "Physical Examination and Training," "Character Development," and "Going Back to Shirt Sleeves." Mr. Taylor is a Master of Arts of the University of Pennsylvania, and has studied science and engineering in that University and Cornell, psychology at Pennsylvania and Columbia, and literature at Yale. Since writing this article Mr. Taylor has enlisted as a private in a volunteer engineer regiment. Those who are interested in boys may have the impulse to send a copy of this article to a school superintendent or principal or head master or other school authority—or perhaps to several school authorities. In our opinion, that impulse is a good one. We comment on the subject editorially elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

IN the chill of an early morning in the latter part of June a long Pullman train rid itself of a small army of boys, averaging about fourteen years of age. The station was a little box of an affair near the western shore of Lake Champlain. The party were on their way to what was called a military camp (though it might not have been recognized as such), and they were likely to arrive there shortly. As the whole affair proved to be something of an adventure, it would be very interesting and instructive if we could follow the experiences of every single boy, but as that would be impossible, we will see what happened to four typical ones, and through these get some kind of an idea as to what happened to all of them.

While the boys swarm down the road to the dock and get themselves ferried across to Valcour Island we will try to get acquainted with this quartet of typical American lads, for already they are keeping together, having been told that they are to live in the same tent all summer.

The Blue Book would surely mention Arthur first, for he was the son of a New Yorker of quite appalling wealth; a pleasant-looking lad, though poorly set up physically—a fact well disguised by his loose-fitting and obviously expensive clothes. He was already a little homesick and still bewildered because there had been no man to arrange his clothes for him that morning.

Then there was John, son of a prominent professor. John had seen few men who were not professors, and he not only talked but actually looked not unlike a professor himself. He was anything but a practical boy, but was philosophical enough to take things as they came. So he was not homesick, but, on the contrary, mildly interested in what was to happen.

The third, Frank, had been so pretty a boy that all his female relatives had petted and spoiled him half to death, and so had almost every one else with whom he had come in contact. The result was that, though normally a bright boy, he had never done more than half his best in all his life. He didn't have to. His folks found it a severe financial problem to pay the fee and send the boy to the camp.

If it had depended upon paying a fee, Bob, the fourth boy, would not have been there at all. He was the son of a factory foreman, a well-set-up youth who was obviously pleased with the world and all that was in it; quite the reverse of Frank, who at that moment was realizing only a bottomless dismay as the world of his experience dissolved about him. Bob had gained a scholarship, as had many others.

As the boat-load containing our four approached the island, their summer's "stamping-ground," they looked in vain for signs of an encampment. There was not a tent in sight. But if they expected to find orderly rows of well-furnished tents awaiting them, they were in for a real surprise.

After a large though simple breakfast—eaten to the last scrap—our four were taken in tow by a strapping fellow of seventeen (Harris) who informed them that he was to be their "counselor" for the summer, and that they had better hurry and get their camp fixed up. So they trotted hopefully after him and found that as yet they had no camp, that their tent was in a bag, that their floor was a pile of boards, and, what was a good deal worse, that they would have to manufacture beds for themselves of narrow boards and canvas or they would not have any.

Now the fact is that such a proposition appeals very strongly to most red-blooded, normal boys. It was only Frank that actually sulked. He had never had to do anything for himself in his life, and his spoiling had not given him a hopeful attitude. Arthur, too, had had much done for him, but he had still a little initiative left. John was really quite interested, and Bob, the one severely practical member of the group, was pleased as Punch.

It would take a long story to tell about the putting up of that tent and the building of a floor under it, most of which time Harris sat cheerfully on a neighboring stump and seemed interrested, but not over-helpful. Bob knew what to do with a saw, but Arthur and John had never seen anything much more dangerous than a tack-hammer before, so that they wielded their hatchets and drove in nails with more good will than science. What is more, when their tent was up they found building that floor really good fun; all but Frank, who sulked, and wanted it understood that his folks did not intend to make a carpenter of him! Also, when it came to making their simple canvas cots he made his so carelessly that it fell down in the middle of the night. To complete that particular story it should be said that he banged it together again next morning, only to have it fall down again in the middle of the next night. Then he was wroth, and his latent capacity, which was of high grade, coming per-

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force into active being, he made himself a bed of white birch logs—six inches thick—that would have held up an elephant.

And here's a vitally important point which should be recognized by all who are concerned with the great problem of under-military-age training. Boys of this age are marvelously quick at acquiring a facility of this kind, far more so than their older brothers of military age, and, as not only does such work develop some very fine elements of character, but construction of various kinds comes into the daily experience of a modern soldier, is it not likely that hand construction of a really practical kind should be a more important factor in under-military-age training than the bare formal drill that so many high schools and communities seem to believe to be the one essential?

They were right in the midst of cot-manufacturing when a passing messenger announced that their trunks had arrived and that they had better go and get them. Not only Frank, but Arthur as well, were dismayed when they found that they were supposed to carry those trunks themselves or bring them in a wheelbarrow. But Bob and John went forth, found a wheelbarrow, and brought up their trunks while the other two discussed their wrongs. And, as boys are keen imitators, the example proved sufficient, and, with many groans and stops for rest, Arthur and Frank brought theirs to their tent too. Promptly all four trunks were opened, clothes were hauled out, and in a few minutes all were arrayed in a very cheap but suitable costume, and now it would have been quite impossible to tell which was the millionaire's son and which the factory foreman's.

They were nearly all day getting their tent in order and their cots made, and in the meantime other tents had been going up all about them—not in rows, as in a typical military camp, but here and there along the shore, or half hidden in the trees. So that each little tent was more or less of a camp itself. Now all this was quite contrary to arrangements usually thought necessary and desirable in military camps for boys; but we never seem to remember that boys are not men at all, and that a system suitable and proper for men is not necessarily so for their younger brothers. Folks who apply the machine-like army idea to the younger generation do not understand the younger generation, and they also miss very great opportunities for developing independence, resourcefulness, and initiative.

So much for the first day. Night found that part of the island dotted with many tents, all equipped with boy-made canvas cots, and inhabited by a boy population that was very, very tired and quite ready for sleep at sunset.

The next day came more surprises. So far there had been few signs of what most of us look upon as "military" about the camp, except for the uniform, and that was not particularly military either. But after the plunge and the breakfast the various tent leaders warned their charges to get their goods in order, and before many of them had an idea as to what it was all about a couple of uniformed men inspected each tent, inside and out, inspected its setting up, inspected the cots, looked under the cots, had each trunk opened and examined down to the very bottom.

John, the precise and philosophical, got through this ordeal with honors. Bob's trunk, though scantily supplied, looked rather haphazard; but Arthur and Frank had dumped their clothes out and then dumped them in again; and they knew a lot more about looking after their clothes when that inspection was over than they had known previously. The whole performance displeased Frank—not with himself, but with the system. Bob was honestly chagrined; and Arthur, who had much real pride, tried to get the hang of it, though he thought looking after clothes a rather undignified performance.

There was still much to be done about the tents to make them homelike. Harris, their counselor, began making himself an easy chair. Bob promptly followed suit. John thought he would like to make a table. The other two hung around and looked on.

They got another surprise in an hour or two. They were summoned to "Headquarters," a green and white bungalow that some fifteen-year-olders had planned and built the previous year, and there they were called on to strip to the last stitch. Then followed the usual medical examination. Then they were measured from head to foot. This measuring performance is worth looking into. Many schools take physical measurements of some kind, though they almost never do anything practical with them, and for the reason that they do not gain very helpful results through their measuring. This is because their judgments are based on height-age combinations. If you will examine nearly all standard tables of physical measurements, you will see that they take it for granted that an individual of a certain age and height should have a certain weight and certain girths. In other words, we have too long accepted the principle that the only normal type of build is the "average" type of build. But the fact is that it is quite as normal and proper for some to be slender and others to be stocky as for still others to approach the average. Therefore the only fair kind of judgment would be one recognizing the normal physical type of each child, and then judging him according to his type. When our four boys were examined and measured, it was up to the examining physician to find if they were all healthy, and, if so, whatever their weight was it was taken as proper. It was found that Arthur and Frank were slender, that John's build was more like the average, and that Bob was distinctly a heavyweight. Then they were judged accordingly. Tables of standards were at hand, arranged on a height-weight basis. That is, when a boy's height and weight were found, the same combination was found in the tables, and there would be the other measurements the individual should have to be well developed for his type of build. In scoring, each boy started with 100, and points were added to or subtracted from 100, depending on whether a measurement went ahead or below standard. Arthur's score was 68, also his posture was extremely bad. John's score was 90, Frank's 85, and Bob's 105.

When each boy's record was made out, it was indicated just where he went below standard, so that a fellow would know if it were his arms, or his chest, or his shoulders, or the like, that kept him below average. Also it was advertised that there would be two competitions that summer, to be judged at the end of it: one for physical perfection and one for physical improvement. Such things appeal to boys mightily, and when a boy is shown just what he needs he is most likely to do it with real enthusiasm. Through such means a school for boys in New York raised its average standard from 90 to 101 in a year and a half. That means something when you consider that sixty-five per cent of our recruits are refused for physical causes, and that if they had had rational physical training, with individual study such as our four boys had at the camp, only ten per cent would have been refused. But our schools, public and private, act as though the needs of children, physically, were exactly similar, and that group exercises or the usual futile class calisthenics will do all that is necessary. Group exercises and group games are valuable, but alone they will not reduce our sixty-five per cent of rejections to ten per cent. Does it not seem that individual physical training, then, is a far more important matter for under-military-age training than any amount of formal military drill? And yet we hear of municipal and State programmes for under-age military training, and all one can find in them is plans for formal drill and group exercises. Formal military training can wait. It is ridiculous even to think of it if the majority of those who take it will not even be able to pass the physical examination when they are eighteen.

So our boys were measured and given their standards, and told what to do about their low scores. Arthur and Frank were quite scandalized over their grades. Few things hit a boy harder than this. It will even get down under the results of bad training and of mistaken view-point, so that these two secretly vowed not only to get their scores up, but even, if possible, to beat that disgusting Bob, who visibly swelled over his superior 105.

While this measuring was going on a great quantity of rough lumber and shingles arrived by the simple trestle dock. When all the boys were impressed into carrying it piecemeal up across the parade-ground and tennis courts to the top of the slant, our four found a boy of fifteen with the plan of a considerable building in his hands, more or less directing where to put the stuff. They found that this lad had planned a new mess hall, the old one being small, crude, and otherwise inadequate.

There had been a number of competing plans, but this one was considered the best; and it was done in detail, even to the framing. The young architect, however, was an old hand, having had such training at camp since he was twelve. That afternoon

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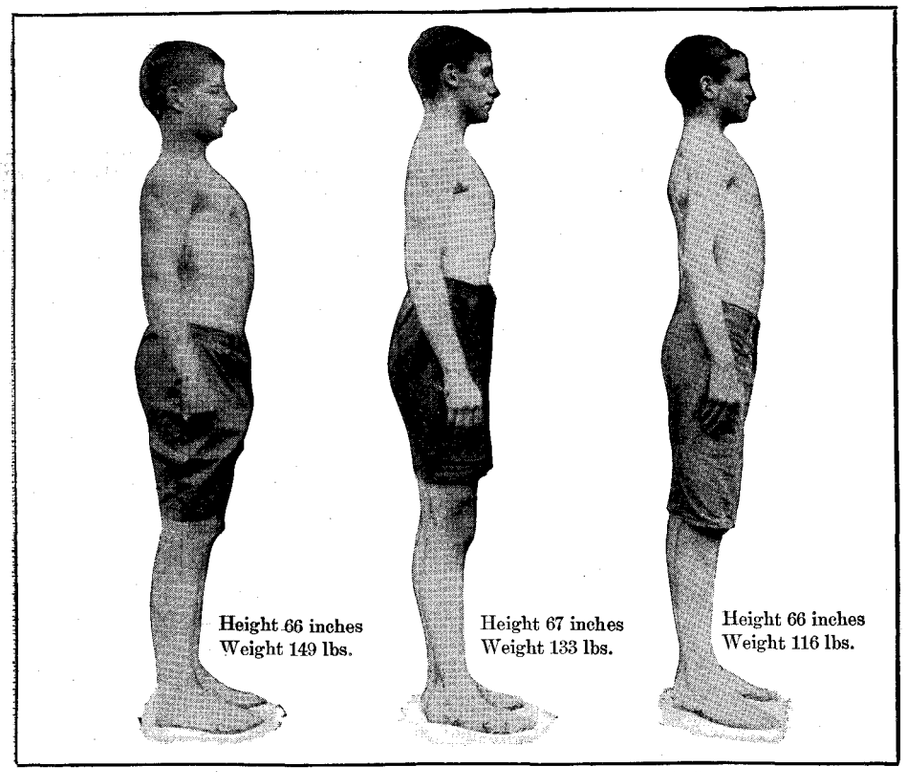
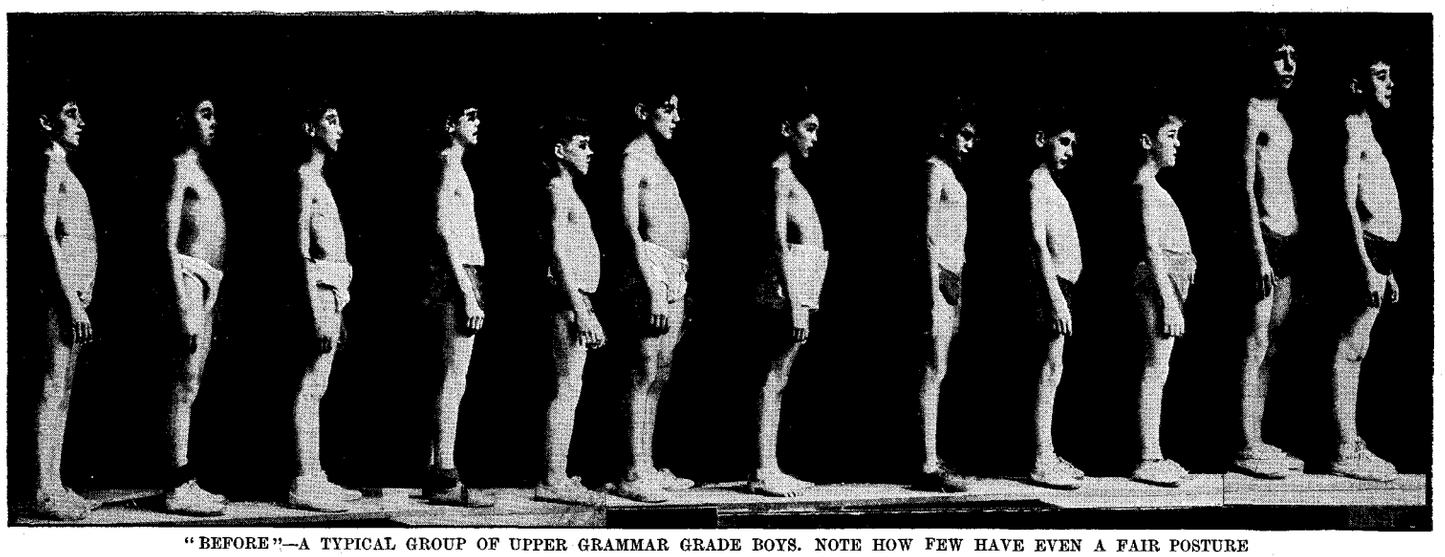


THREE PERFECTLY NORMAL TYPES OFTEN MISJUDGED

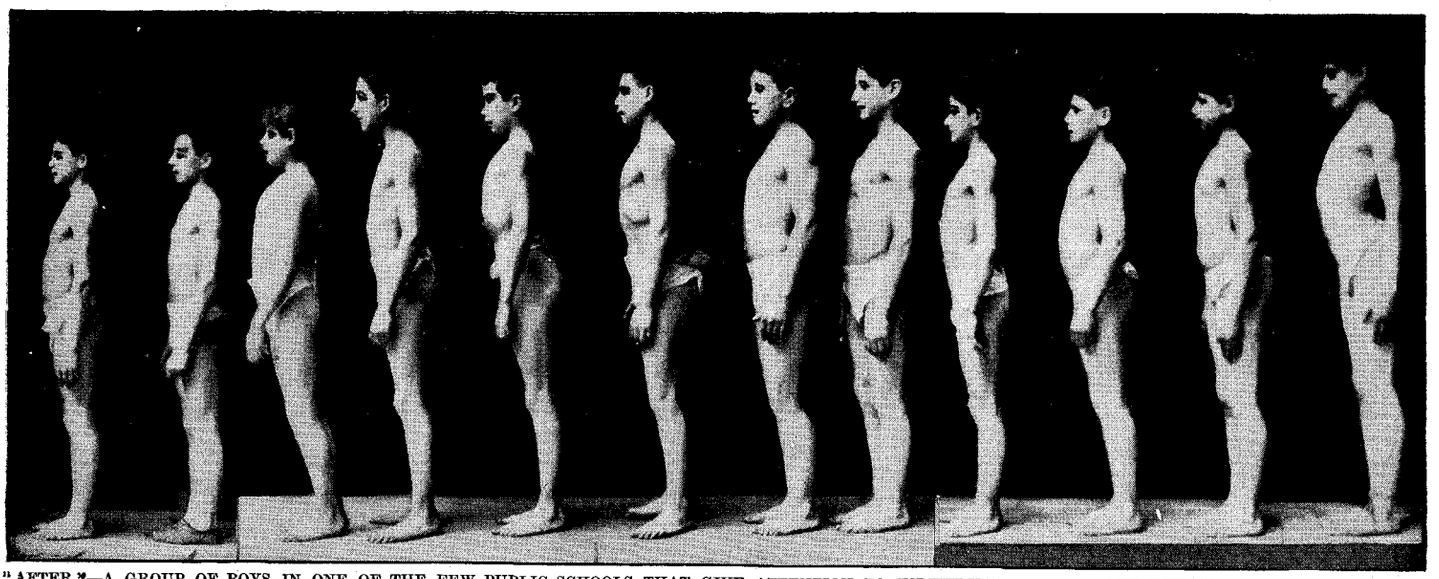
Three young men of similar heights but widely differing weights. The first would be judged "overweight," and the third seriously "underweight." The fact is that all three are well developed for their own physical types, and the lightest individual accomplished with his squad a hike of about 150 miles in five and a half days, carrying his baggage, showing little sign of fatigue, and actually gaining in weight. A slender individual who is healthy and strong cannot be UNDERWEIGHT!

GETTING WHOLESOME EXERCISE ON APPARATUS OF THEIR OWN MAKING

These lads made their parallel bars and put them up, bracing them securely, as seen in the picture, and then improvised, without help, a very creditable gymnastic performance



"BEFORE"—A TYPICAL GROUP OF UPPER GRAMMAR GRADE BOYS. NOTE HOW FEW HAVE EVEN A FAIR POSTURE



"AFTER"—A GROUP OF BOYS IN ONE OF THE FEW PUBLIC SCHOOLS THAT GIVE ATTENTION TO INDIVIDUAL NEEDS. NOTE THE GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN POSTURE OVER THE PRECEDING GROUP

"TRAINING YOUNG AMERICA"—SOME OBJECT-LESSONS TO ENFORCE THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPER INSTRUCTION

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some dozen lads from thirteen to sixteen years of age got to work at it. Sometimes, as the days passed, there might be as many as twenty on the job—especially when it came to putting the shingles on the seventy-foot roof. All the time the men of the camp, the directors, aided no more than was absolutely necessary, merely giving a suggestion now and then, or a hint or two, and leaving it to the boys to do what was proper. Absurd? Not at all. Boys have an extraordinary capacity for such things, both for design and execution. True enough, this latent facility wanes after a while, so that lads of military age who have never had it developed acquire very slowly an ability to construct, and never to the extent they would have if their latent capacity had been developed in time. But it has been found in this experimental military camp that the older lads who have had this experience when youngsters not only retain it, but add to it the adult's appreciation for accuracy and detail. Yet most manual training teachers make the fatal mistake of giving the exercises for accuracy and detail first, and, as this comes at a time when it is not naturally appreciated, the manual work given in many schools fails to be of its best value.

That mess hall, by the way, was finished in six days, even to the concrete under the kitchen ranges.

At 2:30 in the afternoon our boys found themselves regularly called out for baseball—one of the finest games America has produced for all-round training in physical and mental co-ordination. Frank did not want to play, but he had to, just the same, and before the season was over had to acknowledge that he actually liked it.

At four all hands went swimming, and those who did not know how to swim soon learned.

At 4:45 there was a cheery sounding of bugles, and it was now that both Arthur and Frank were to receive the first real shock of their lives. This was the signal for military drill. It is the feeling in this camp that we Americans have greatly exaggerated the value of this exercise, particularly as regards the younger generation, but it does have its uses, mostly disciplinary. A little of it, however, goes a very long way with boys, so the amount of time given to formal work of this kind was very small, but when that time actually arrived it was no joke. For the forty-five or sixty minutes the place to all intents and purposes became an army post.

An officer with years of service in the Regular Army took charge, and at the command, "Fall in!" his sharp, blunt methods brought a prompt order from the confusion; but no sooner had the company been lined up and taught the meaning of "Right dress," than a small passing shower arrived. Immediately Arthur and Frank remembered that the only proper place in the rain is under a roof. So they calmly broke ranks and started for one. Whereat the drill-master, with all the ready fluency and pointed expression of a regular first sergeant, spoke his mind. When he had finished, those two were back in the ranks, scared half to death, Arthur red with shame and Frank white with rage. And yet before the end of the summer Arthur, who at first hated his drill, became a sergeant and carried a sword; just as Frank, who was angry when he had to manufacture a cot, and who gained execrable marks for "manual training" at school, ended the summer by winning the medal for doing the best piece of camp construction.

As for that drill, let it be said that, even with the very short time given it, by the end of the first month the boys marched and drilled very well—in fact, quite as well as it need ever be expected or desired of lads under military age. Of course the nearer they get to eighteen the more they can have of it and similar purely military matters, so that when they actually enter the army this elementary knowledge has become almost second nature.

Well, we could never take up in detail all the experiments of a summer—experiments planned to develop resourcefulness, self-reliance, and initiative, largely through various kinds of constructive hand-work, through a multitude of competitions, through sports and games, and so on. So there were competitive athletic performances and competitions in making natural history collections—trees, fossils, insects, and so on—all making for close and careful observation of things around them. Then there were sketch club competition, first aid, fishing, and general all-round competitions; and through competition, which is always a boy's weak point, matters were accomplished that not only surprised many parents but which gave the competitors abilities and a knowledge of their own powers that they never imagined they possessed.

Near the end of the season, when all were as hard as nails, they were taken to the mainland and sent in small parties scattering through the northeastern Adirondacks. Boys of thirteen might make ninety miles in their week, or more. Boys of fifteen have made one hundred and forty miles, setting their own pace and carrying their own baggage, sleeping under the skies when the weather was propitious or in haymows when rain threatened. They prepared their own simple meals, followed their own maps, studying the country through which they passed, and keeping careful journals for yet another competition. When lads return from such a hike, their muscles have an amazing hardness and their postures are improved to a marked degree. Yet it must be carefully done. Each party must contain boys of even strength, and never must a day's hike go beyond the strength of the weakest member of a party.

And, finally, the army, brown and strong, were packed into Pullmans and shipped back home, very different in more ways than one than when they arrived. Arthur increased his physical score to 102, and won the improvement medal. Bob went up to 112, and was not far behind in the "best physique" contest. Frank, as we have said, made the best piece of camp construction, won a medal, had the effect of his years of spoiling knocked clear out of him, and went home possessing the beginnings of a confident, self-respecting manhood. And Arthur, again, had come to realize that there are other things in the world even more important than the possession of wealth. John? John, of course, won the geological medal and the medal for semaphore signaling.

And here we may have it, then—a workable system for the training of lads under military age. First, not formal drill. That is neither important nor really essential. First, individual physical training and, when necessary, medical attention. Along with this can go the group games and exercises which to too many of us make all there is to physical training. Without the individual work it is about thirty per cent efficient.

Next, not formal drill; next, hand construction, work of a broad and rough kind—not the making of miter-joints and dovetails and pretty flower boxes, so beloved by teachers of manual training. This detailed work comes all right later on. But the right kind provides a marvelous means for developing the finest kind of valuable characteristics. And it was William James who said that for the best ethical training hand-work should predominate over book-work till the sixteenth year.

Next, not formal drill, but training for citizenship. This cannot be done at a camp except indirectly. It is a matter for the schools, and the one thing they seem most to avoid. They teach some American history, very badly biased, and have the children learn the Declaration of Independence by heart, and then expect them to know all the responsibilities and privileges of real citizenship, to realize thoroughly how real liberty is absolutely dependent on co-operation and upon intelligent law and order, and that being twenty-one years old and being neither in jail nor an asylum does not necessarily make one an intelligent voter, capable of deciding the destinies of a people.

This last is an immensely important matter, though we are just coming to realize it, when our neglect of it in the past now rises up as a very present menace. Before we have good soldiers we must have good citizens, so that it is fair to say that training for citizenship might well precede in importance any amount of right-shouldering of arms or marchings right front into line, or the like.

And it is possible that even first aid and hygiene and sanitation are subjects more important than formal drill.

Finally comes the formal drill itself, very valuable as a disciplinary measure, not important for younger boys, but increasingly important as they approach military age.

The purpose of the experimental camp to which our four boys were sent is to develop the principles upon which a practical system for under-military-age training can be based, and it is up to the schools to develop what the camp cannot do—arrange a procedure for educating children to be good citizens. Such a system, tried and made perfect, might come to mean not only something vitally important to Young America but possibly even Future America.

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THE BUGLER

THE CHASSEUR READY FOR ACTION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON

MARCHING PAST THE CITY HALL

FRENCH ALPINE CHASSEURS IN NEW YORK CITY

These chasseurs (light infantrymen) are familiarly known as Blue Devils—a name suggested by their blue uniform and the reputation they have as fighters; the name is said to have been first bestowed on them by their German enemies. Every one of the 105 men included in this visiting detachment has, it is said, received a decoration for distinguished bravery

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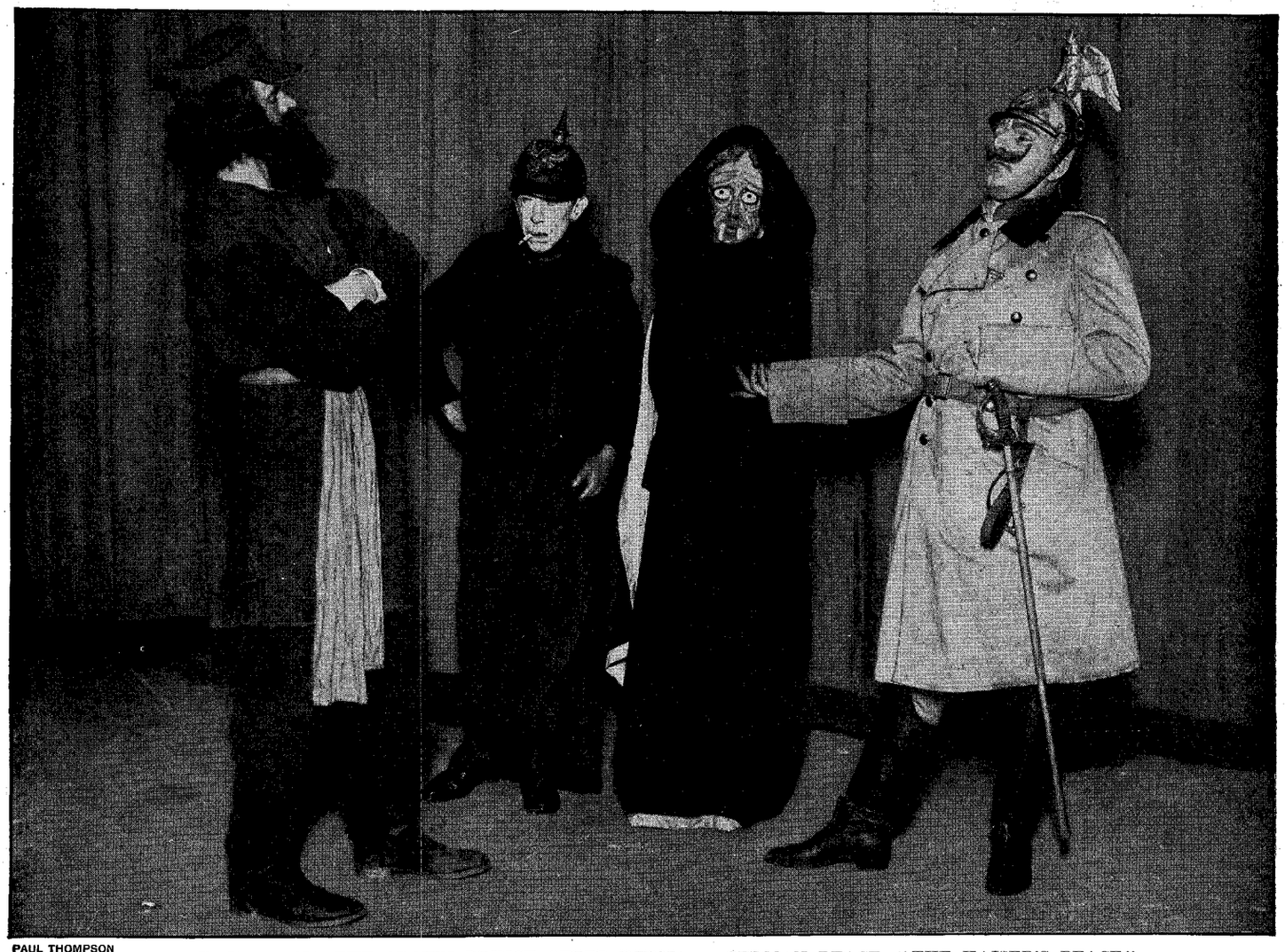
AMERICAN SOLDIERS WHO WON THE CROIX DE GUERRE IN FRANCE

These men, all decorated in France for distinguished bravery (the *Croix de Guerre* can be seen on each man's breast), recently arrived in New York to help in the Liberty Loan campaign. In the front row, left to right, are: Sergeant McNiff, Sergeant Hawkins, Corporal Whited. Back row, left to right: Sergeant Girigat, Sergeant Petrusk, Corporal Plant

(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE CHURCH OF ST. GERVAIS IN PARIS AFTER BEING STRUCK BY A SHELL

This devastation was wrought by a German long-range gun on Good Friday. Seventy-five persons were killed while at prayer. Though it existed in the turbulent times of the Middle Ages, this historic church never suffered until now such desecration



PAUL THOMPSON

THE KAISER AND THE CROWN PRINCE OFFER RUSSIA A GERMAN PEACE—"THE KAISER'S PEACE"

This amusing caricature was presented at a gathering a few days ago of the Society of Illustrators in New York City, a club of which the well-known artist Charles Dana Gibson is the President. Right to left: The Kaiser; Peace; the Crown Prince; Russia. The parts were impersonated by members of the club. The proceeds of the entertainment were sent to the Y. M. C. A. in France

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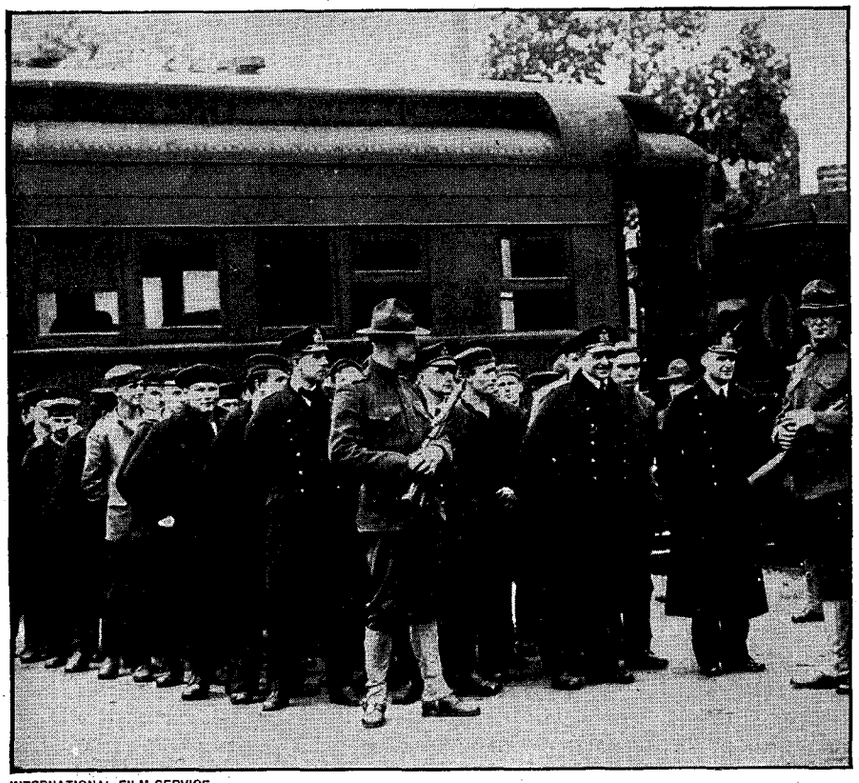
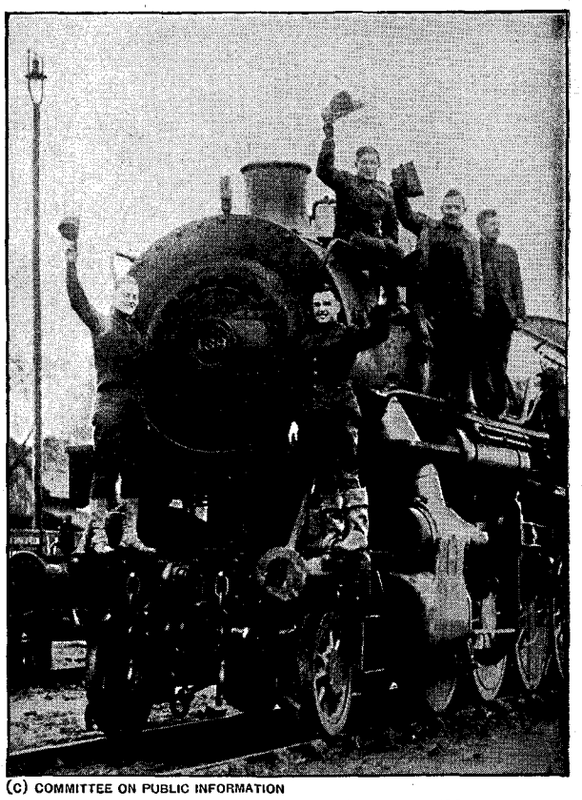


INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE CAPTURED CREW OF A GERMAN SUBMARINE SUNK BY UNITED STATES DESTROYERS

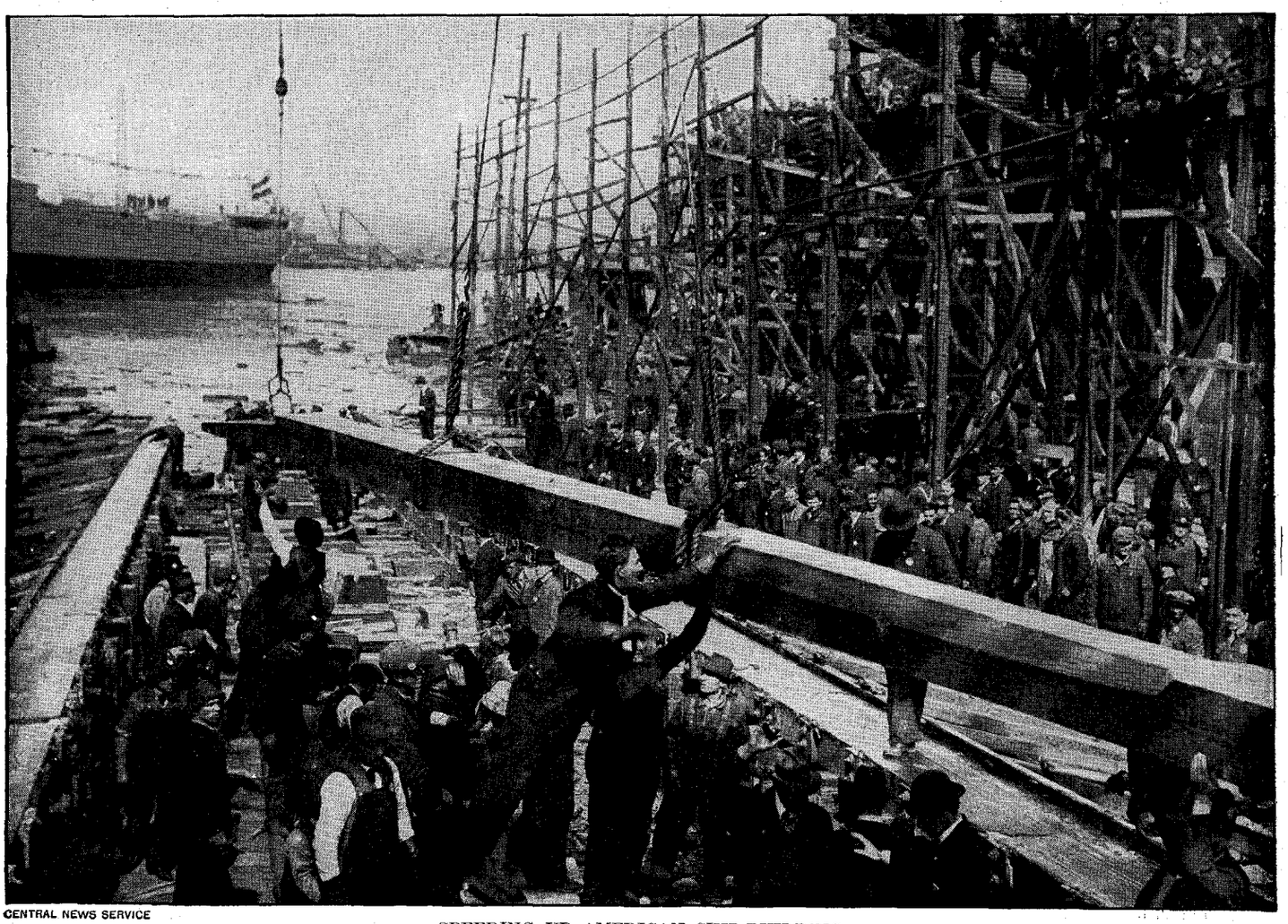
The photograph, taken while the prisoners were on their way to Fort McPherson, Georgia, shows the first of the Kaiser's armed forces to arrive in this country as prisoners. Five officers and thirty-three men were taken. Their boat, the U-58, was sunk by the United States destroyers Fanning and Nicholson last November



(C) COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

AN AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE ASSEMBLED IN FRANCE

This Baldwin locomotive is, it is reported, the first of the American locomotives to be assembled in France by American workmen. It is a sample of the industrial work of a modern army



CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

SPEEDING UP AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING

One minute after the Accoma, the just-launched ship which is shown in midstream, had left the ways, the keel of a new vessel was laid on the ways she had vacated. The picture shows the first beam for the new keel being lowered into place

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THE SHADOW OF SILENCE

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

The wind no longer sings to me,
  Nor is there any sound
From the white fringes of the sea
  Or spring rain on the ground.

I see the song-bird's swelling throat,
  And lift my head to hear
A long-belated silver note
  That never meets my ear.

The earth like velvet deeply drowns
  All echoes of my tread.
My ghostly friends through ghostly towns
  Drift like the formless dead.

Only the changeless pantomime
  Of stars in still review
Keeps me in touch with space and time
  And worlds that once I knew.

For all the chorus of the earth
  Down the unending days
Will bring no tidings of clean mirth:—
  I walk through soundless ways.

Wind, sea, birds, and living men:
  If you are silent,—be it so!
A voice I shall not hear again
  Is the one grief I know.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

HAMPTON REVISITED

A FRIEND of mine recently met a soldier in khaki on a train, and in the conversation which ensued said: "It is a great thing to be able to go abroad and fight for your country." "Yes," replied the soldier, "and it is also a great thing for you who must stay at home to make and keep it a country worth fighting for."

My object in this article is to describe a work which for half a century some men and women of faith and courage have been doing to make and keep this a country worth fighting for.

In 1868 General Samuel C. Armstrong, then in charge of Negro refugees from the Civil War, opened, near Old Point Comfort, Virginia, a school for Negroes, with two teachers and fifteen pupils. About eight years after that date I visited this school. It then occupied two brick buildings, one used as a dormitory and assembly hall, the other used for academic purposes. There were also, I think, a few cottages left over from earlier days. Visiting it now, half a century later, I find 140 buildings and 1,100 acres of land, 1,838 pupils, including those who attend a summer school, 2,022 graduates, 7,500 students who have gone out from Hampton after having taken a partial course, and an endowment of $3,000,000. Of these buildings one is a church with a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred; another an auditorium with a seating capacity of about twenty-five hundred—a memorial to Robert C. Ogden—which will probably be ready for occupancy on the semi-centennial anniversary next fall. These two buildings were erected by contractors. I believe all the others, with the possible exception of one or two cottages, were erected by the students, who have thus demonstrated the efficiency of their industrial education. For they are masons, carpenters, house-builders, tailors (they make all their own uniforms), and printers (they print all the publications of the school). These are not their only trades. Practical instruction is given in over a dozen different industrial callings. The interest on the endowment is, of course, quite insufficient to meet the expenses of the school, and most of the pupils are unable to make any considerable money contribution to their education. The aim of the school is to do for these boys and girls what the States do for students of a similar grade—give them the tuition; and as most of the parents cannot provide them with board and clothing, the school furnishes them with work which enables them to provide these necessities for themselves. The work of farming, building, and repairing is done by the students, and they are credited with the cash valuation of their labors. It is necessary for the school, in addition to receipts from its endowment and tuition fees, to raise one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars every year by voluntary contributions. These financial campaigns are one of the chief tasks of the directors of this unique institution; and they are also, as I shall presently indicate, one of its chief contributions to the Nation's welfare.

When the school was opened in 1868, the prejudices which kindled the Civil War still existed, and the passions engendered by that war had not been extinguished. Those prejudices had been intensified and those passions had been kept alive by the four or five tragical years of reconstruction which followed the war. General Armstrong, at the time when the Institute was born, was offered the presidency of Howard University, one of the few institutions of the so-called higher learning for Negroes worthy of the name of university. It was characteristic of him to prefer the more difficult task. The reasons for his choice he expressed in a letter to his mother:

> We are ahead and alone; the ground is new; the enterprise is as full of bad possibilities as of good ones—most embarrassing conditions will occur from time to time; all is experiment, but all is hopeful. The success of this will be a guarantee of a dozen more like it in the South. I have to face the fact that a manual labor school has never yet succeeded in the North, but the power of prayer and faith is strong—in these we will conquer.

In spite of the fact that no manual training school had succeeded in the North, General Armstrong made Hampton Institute from the beginning an industrial school. There were two fundamental principles underlying his enterprise. The first of those principles was: the object of education is not scholarship—it is preparation for life; and if you are to prepare students for life, you must find where they are and begin with them there.

The Negro never had schooling, but he did have an education. He had been brought up in a kind of industrial school. The women had been servants—cooks, housemaids, and nurses. No Northern man can paint the portrait of a Southern Negro mammy or understand the strange and warm affection between that mammy and the white children she nursed and cared for. The men had been farmers and mechanics. They did not know much—the farmers and mechanics of that age had not much technical knowledge, whatever their race—but Negroes did know something about soils and seeds; and they knew how to plow, how to plant, how to gather crops, how to mend harnesses and repair furniture; in short, how to do the ordinary mechanical work of the village and rural life of the South. They were largely its farmers and mechanics.

General Armstrong began with that fact. He believed that these people needed first domestic science and agricultural and mechanical instruction, and to supply that want he made his mission. From the beginning academic instruction was made subordinate to the making of men and women who could render, in their community and in their age, the kind of service that was needed in that community and in that age.

Abraham Lincoln once said that in every man there is one brain and one pair of hands, and the presumption is that it is the plan of the Almighty that that brain shall control that pair of hands. The object of General Armstrong was to put the intelligence in the brain and create the nerve that would carry the instruction of the brain to the hands. It was his object to make,

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not merely skilled workmen, but intelligent workmen. There is a great difference between the two.

From that principle Hampton has never departed, though both its academic and its industrial standards have been gradually raised until it has become the greatest and, I think, the best trade school in the country, if not in the world. The standards have been raised, but the essential principle has not been departed from.

That essential principle has produced and been accompanied by another, that the black man and the white man must live side by side in the same community, and it is essential that they should live as friends and not as enemies.

General Armstrong's prophecy that the school would produce a dozen like it has been more than fulfilled. It has produced more than a dozen. Hampton has been like a hen. It has hatched out a large flock of chicks, of the same blood, the same breed, the same character, as the mother hen. Wherever men and women have gone from Hampton into these other schools they have carried the industrial spirit, the fraternal spirit, and the spirit of service with them. Wherever these schools have been planted, there the Negroes have won the respect of their white neighbors, not by demanding respect, but by deserving it; not at once—it takes time to kill prejudice—but gradually. And with that respect they have won the friendship of their white neighbors. It is sometimes said, "The South knows the Negro." The old South did not know the new Negro, because the new Negro did not exist; and the new Negro and the new South had to become acquainted with one another. They have become acquainted through the Hampton spirit—the spirit of service and of intelligent co-operation.

So Hampton has been a meeting-ground for the races. Black men and white men, Southern men and Northern men, have come together and joined forces in a common enterprise in Hampton. That was not at once. It was the result of a gradual growth; but the growth was such that a few years ago every Southern State—there may have been one or two exceptions—sent its State superintendent of white schools to Hampton to study the Hampton school, understand the Hampton spirit, learn the Hampton methods, and carry back what he learned to his work in the Southern schools. A farm-demonstration work which Hampton has carried on by its extension system, which I have no room to describe here, has inspired similar agricultural demonstration work in the white farms, first of Virginia, then of other States. A great Negro organization was formed in 1909, not to clamor for the rights of Negroes, but to promote the interests of the community. This Negro organization created a clean-up day, and that "clean-up day," a product of Hampton, set an example which has been followed not only in Southern States, not only with Negro people, but also in Northern States and with white people. The organization of colored Y. M. C. A.'s throughout the South with the hearty approval of the white Associations, the creation of a college organization in Southern colleges to study the relations of the two races to each other, the growing recognition by Southern churches of their duty to the colored race, the placing of colored and white troops in the same camps, with the approval and on the recommendation of Southern white men—all have been due to that spirit of fellowship which Hampton has done so much to foster. How far these movements have been due directly to the influence of Hampton Institute and its graduates and colonies it is impossible to estimate.

Thus Hampton has been closing one of the rifts in the Nation—the rift between the races. It has also been closing another rift—the rift between the sections. General Armstrong said to me once when I expressed to him my regret that so much of his time had to be spent in the North raising money: "I do not regret it. I would like some endowment, but I do not want Hampton to have so large an endowment that it won't have to raise money by asking contributions from the North"—a peril which has not yet threatened it—"because," he said, "these campaigns are doing something to make the North understand the South and the white men understand the colored men."

For nearly fifty years it has been my business, as an editor of The Outlook, to study the course of current events in America. I do not think that any institution in America has done so much as Hampton has done to interpret the North to the South and the South to the North, nor any three men as much as General Armstrong and Dr. Frissell, its two principals, and Booker T. Washington, its most eminent graduate.

Its service in uniting the churches has been not inconsiderable. When Hampton was founded, the Christian Church in America was divided into competing and often conflicting denominations. The day of conflict between the Protestant denominations has passed, but not the day of competition. General Armstrong, the son of a missionary, had the vision of a prophet which enabled him to see that the Christian spirit is stronger than the denominational spirit. At the beginning of his work he was supported by the American Missionary Association—then an undenominational, now a Congregational body; but he very soon assumed the entire financial responsibility for the school and proceeded to create for it, by systematic campaigning, a body of financial supporters whom Dr. Frissell's organizing genius enabled him to develop into a permanent, though constantly changing, constituency. This constituency includes members of all denominations; the teachers and workers at Hampton include persons of the most widely divergent theological opinions; and its pupils, most of whom are professing Christians, or become so before they graduate, represent all the principal denominations among the colored people of the South.

Thus the school is distinctly a Christian school; and it is founded on a definite Christian creed—the oldest creed in the history of the Church, so old indeed that the Church seems to me to have forgotten it. It is substantially this: the grace of God hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that we should live soberly, righteously, godly, hopefully—looking forward to the appearance of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Soberly—that is, with power to control ourselves. While I was at Hampton this spring a fire started in the roof of the Whittier School building, occupied by day scholars of junior grades. The girls were at luncheon in an upper room. One of them saw smoke and flame in the roof above. She did not cry, "Fire! fire!" She walked over to the teacher and whispered to her that the house was on fire. The teacher called three boys to her and sent them to the principal, and they did not run down the stairs crying, "Fire!" but went quietly to the principal and whispered the news to her. All the children marched out of the building in order. Hampton is imparting to its pupils the power of self-control.

Righteously—that is, according to the Golden Rule. Last year a Southern gentleman took me to see the house which Hampton graduates had built for his residence. The plans had been made and the specifications drawn up by a white architect. The gentleman told me that it was very hard to get the architect to superintend the work while it was going on. The architect told him that the boys knew as much as he knew about building and that they did not need to be watched. Hampton has taught to its pupils the quality of righteousness.

Godliness—that is, the spirit of reverence for God. I have attended St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's at London, Notre Dame at Paris, Holy Trinity under Phillips Brooks at Boston, and I have never heard a service that stirred my heart more with reverence than the services that I attended on three Sunday nights this spring in Hampton Institute. Hampton Institute is imparting to her pupils the spirit of godliness.

Every morning at half-past six I heard the cheery voices of the boys as they went from their early breakfast to their classes. Half an hour later I looked on the bright faces of the girls as they went to their classes. Hope was in the cheery voices of the boys and the bright faces of the girls whose ancestors had very little hope.

In Cleveland Hall, the meeting-place of the students, hangs a flag with two hundred and one stars upon it. Hampton has taught and is teaching her boys and girls the fundamental creed of Christendom: how to live soberly, righteously, godly, hopefully—and patriotically.

I have been acquainted with Hampton Institute during the fifty years of its growing life, and have been able, perhaps better than those who are working in it, to see the influence which it has exerted upon the Nation. And I believe that it has done more for the Nation's unity and the Nation's welfare than is realized either by those who have carried on the work or those who have been the direct recipients of its beneficial influence.

Hampton Institute, April, 1918.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of May 8, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Holland's Danger; A Reply which is a Confession.
Reference: Pages 54, 56.
Questions:

1. State in three or four sentences Holland's danger as outlined by The Outlook. 2. Prove the following statements: "Holland's situation has been trying in the extreme." "What such a guarantee [from Germany to Holland] amounts to is known to all who remember how many times Germany has broken her pledged word to smaller nations." 3. Treitschke once said: "It is an indispensable duty of German policy to regain the mouths of that [the Rhine] river." Do you believe that Germany has sinister designs on Holland? 4. Is Germany's dealing with Holland *characteristically* German? Discuss. 5. Who is Prince Lichnowsky? What revelations did he make? How has Germany treated the Prince recently? 6. From the facts given in Lichnowsky's story discuss Austria's relation to Germany. 7. We are told that "there is evidence in plenty" that "Austria is becoming increasingly sick" of her relation to Germany. Give some of this evidence. If this is so, why does not Austria free herself entirely from Germany? 8. One writer says that "lying, stealing, and murder are ingrained in the German character." Give not less than fifteen evidences in proof of this statement. 9. What, in your opinion, is *the only way* to beat such a Thing as Germany is? 10. One of the very best books revealing the German character is "The Nemesis of Docility," by Edmond Holmes (Dutton).

B. Topic: American Soldiers in France.
Reference: Pages 60–62.
Questions:

1. Give no less than six ideals and characteristics of American soldiers as set forth by Mr. Rogers. 2. What factors and institutions in America, in your opinion, have done most in creating these ideals and characteristics? Discuss. 3. What do our boys in France believe *the real object* of this war is? Are there any other objects as important? 4. What, according to Mr. Rogers, are the qualifications for a successful Y. M. C. A. worker in France? Is there an abundance of Americans possessing these qualifications? If not, who and what are responsible? 5. Restate the leading points made by Mr. Rogers in this article. 6. If you want to know about some of the real experiences of the soldiers on the Western Front, read "The Soul of the Soldier," by Thomas Tiplady (Revell), and "Over There," by Captain Knyvett (Scribners).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Bernard Baruch.
Reference: Pages 64–66.
Questions:

1. Describe the functions of the War Industries Board. Is there any other war board or council more important than this one? Tell why or why not. 2. For what reasons was Mr. Baruch's appointment to this Board considered "a complimentary one"? Are there many such appointments in this country? Give reasons why such appointments should or should not be allowed. 3. Explain why Mr. Price believes that the very reasons why some objected to Mr. Baruch's original appointment are reasons why he makes an excellent man for the place. 4. Tell what you think of America as a place for developing efficient administrators. 5. Do you think Americans are in the habit of appreciating valuable public men while they are serving the public? Discuss and illustrate. 6. Read an excellent book of biography, "Famous Living Americans," by numerous writers (Charles Webb & Co., Greencastle, Indiana). Read also "Alexander Hamilton," by F. S. Oliver (Putnams), and "George Washington," by J. S. Harrison (Putnams).

B. Topic: The Vigilantes.
Reference: Pages 67–69.
Questions:

1. Who are the Vigilantes? Whence the name? 2. Explain the reasons why and how the Vigilantes were organized. 3. Discuss their purposes and methods of work. 4. What is *the* fundamental belief of the Vigilantes? Discuss it. 5. Discuss the function of newspaper and magazine writers and editors. 6. Tell of the scope of the work of the Vigilantes. What have they actually done? 7. Formulate several propositions for discussion suggested by this article. Be able to discuss them.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Germany is a land of official liars. 2. History shows that only speculators have been great men. 3. Writing is to the nation what conversation is to the individual.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for May 8, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Involutions (54); *poilu*, nationality, country (60); appraise, connotes, priorities, Scylla, Charybdis (65); bombastic, flaccid, insouciance (67); *per se*, Vigilantes, propaganda, innuendo (68).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

NEW-SKIN
New-Skin is a first-aid preparation for cuts, scrapes and little hurts.
"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin!"
All breaks in the skin are dangerous. Don't take any chances. Use New-Skin Carry a bottle with you for emergencies.
NEWSKIN COMPANY, NEW YORK
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FOR CUTS, SCRAPES AND LITTLE HURTS
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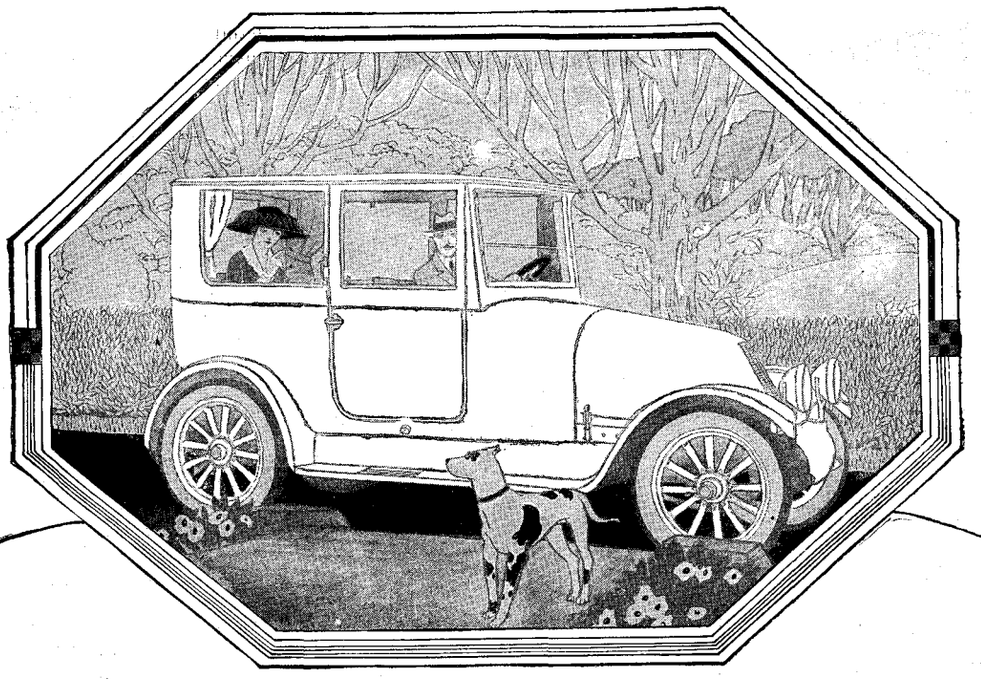

Why the Franklin Car Delivers Service Without Waste

THERE was a time when peace and plenty fostered a "hang-the-expense" attitude on the part of the automobile owner. That time has gone.

The national need of economy has brought the whole motor car proposition squarely down to a basis of: Service without Waste.

With the Franklin Car, this standard of Economy is not a new phrase, lugged in to meet the demands of the times.

From the beginning, the Franklin has held to the truth that heavy weight in a motor car is bound to mean heavy expense to run it—that needless *weight* directly results in needless *waste*. And today the car that is too heavy for a man's needs, is recognized as making unnecessary demands on the Nation's resources.

For sixteen years, the Franklin has been built on the principles of Scientific Light Weight, Direct Air-Cooling and Flexible Construction. For sixteen years, the Franklin has been piling up remarkable economy records as proof of the correctness of those principles.

Franklin efficiency has *always* been a recognized fact; the exacting nature of the times has simply extended that recognition.

For the average motorist no longer has a mere academic interest in gasoline economy. *He's hunting for it.* No longer is he satisfied with five, or even six thousand miles, to the set of tires. *He's looking for more.*

In sharp contrast to *claims* of economy—to mere assurances—he finds the strongly supported *facts* of Franklin *daily performance*:

20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10;
10,000 Miles to the set of tires—Instead of 5,000;
A high resale value—instead of a firesale price.

And he inevitably develops a new standard of motoring. He will never again tolerate the wastage of an inefficient car.

For it is not unusual to own a fine car; nor even unusual to own an economical car; but to own a car that is both fine *and* economical, is so unusual that it is possible in only one automobile.

ELECTRIC PRIMER insures ready cold weather starting, even from lowgrade gasoline. Minimizes spark plug fouling and loading up.

MASTER VIBRATOR produces fat, hot spark for starting even when battery is "low." Another assurance of motoring satisfaction.

STARTING DEVICE — Simplest, surest; large capacity; controlled by ignition switch. No meshing of gears and pushing of pedals.

LARGER TIRES increase already remarkable tire mileage. 33 x 4½ inch cord tires now on all types assure utmost tire reliability.

NEW OILING SYSTEM with reservoir and wick eliminates messy grease-cup troubles. Surer; requires less attention.

AIR INTAKE STRAINER keeps road dust, grit, etc., out of engine internals. Prevents wear in cylinders, valves, etc. Lessens repairs.

PISTON CONSTRUCTION automatically takes up cylinder wear. Maintains compression. Engine indefinitely retains responsiveness.

INTAKE YOKE HEATER quickly warms up mixture by use of exhaust gases. Original with Franklin; perfected in today's car.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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You CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I KNOW you can, because I've reduced 35,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition.

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It is so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthused.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you. Don't endure fat when it is so easy to reduce.

If you send me your height and weight I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me. I will respect your confidence.

Susanna Cocroft
Dept. 8, 624 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

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in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue New York

Advertising
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"MOBILIZING the best thought and promoting greater activity in all lines of business in these times of stress and exigency."
These words define the motive and object of the San Francisco Convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to be held July 7th to 11th, 1918.
Write for interesting booklet 18
Convention Board San Francisco, Cal.

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation.
Comment and suggestions are invited.

FACTORY SANITATION

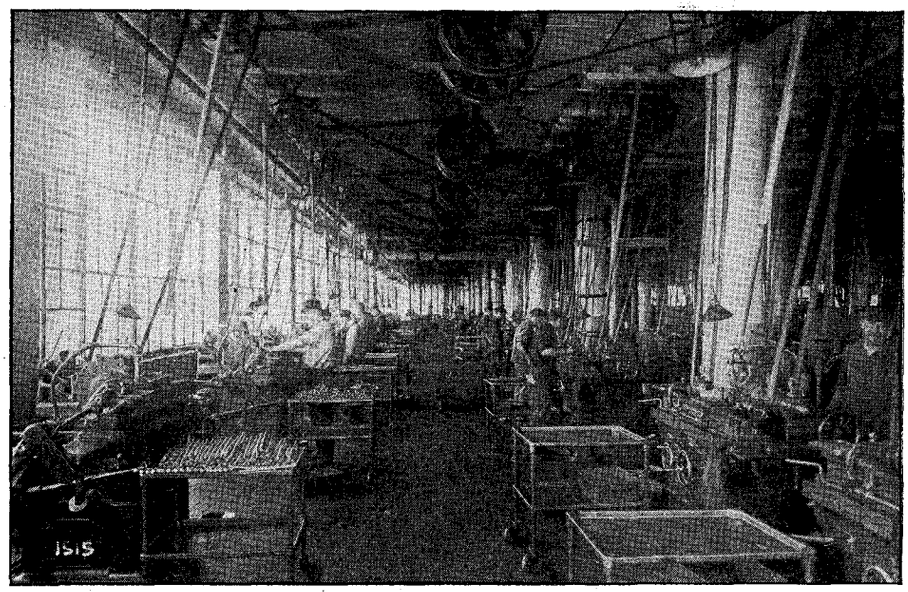
PERHAPS the greatest industrial problem which American manufacturers have to face during the war period is the labor problem. The entire world is facing a great economic adjustment. The relations of capital and labor are rapidly changing, and labor is demanding more and getting more than ever before in the world's industrial history. With the tremendous rise in the wage scale have come a higher standard of living and a widespread demand for better working conditions. Employers are rapidly meeting these changed conditions, and are learning to appreciate the necessity of providing comfortable and sanitary surroundings for their employees. With the present scarcity of labor the workingman is in the happy position of being able to pick and choose, and he naturally demands the best obtainable working conditions. The wisest and most far-sighted employers realize the value of keeping their skilled workmen at almost any cost. They aim, first, to keep their workmen happy and contented; and, second, to keep them in sound mental, moral, and physical well-being.

Men and equipment are the two essentials of successful manufacture. Well-equipped plants have a great variety of tools and machinery especially designed for the work which is to be accomplished. Such tools and machines are watched with the greatest care and kept in the highest state of efficiency. Advanced superintendents are now beginning to realize that the workmen are just as important as the equipment, and everything that will keep them in top-notch condition is provided. A skilled workman, like the trained athlete, to be at his best and do the best work must have a clean body, bright eye, clear mind, steady hand, quick judgment, and a reserve of muscular and nervous energy. Sound economic principles demand that proper lighting, ventilation, and sanitary equipment be provided to keep the labor equipment up to the highest standard.

In the construction of modern factories careful attention is given to proper lighting and ventilation. A leading construction engineer says: "An abundance of daylight is now an accepted essential in factories. In fact, any added expense that may be necessary, within reasonable limits, to secure a full measure of natural light will be justified. Well-lighted workrooms unquestionably make for good health, relieve eye-strain, tone up a working corps to insure a better product with less effort, and reduce the hazard of accidents."

Most of the successful concerns of the present day manufacture their products in what may be called "window-walled buildings." In such buildings almost the entire outside walls are composed of strips of narrow steel bars, filled in with panes of factory ribbed or wire glass. Such windows may extend from a low curtain wall, two or three feet from the floor, to the ceiling lines; for the higher the window space, the better the lighting in the center of the building. Of course the big reason for the window-walled factory lies in the fact that the broad glass area gives a maximum supply of daylight, and thus promotes ideal working conditions. These window sections can be opened to any extent desired, thus securing ventilation adapted to the weather conditions.

The illustration shows how adequate daylight is obtained in the plant of the Electric Autolite Company, Toledo, Ohio.



PROPER LIGHTING MAINTAINS THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF EFFICIENCY

The quality of artificial light and its distribution must also be considered. A diffused white light, approaching as nearly as possible the soft yet effective light of day, is the effect to be sought. In the present age of artificial light, when night is turned into day, very few have perfect eyesight, and abuse of the eyes in trying lights is one of the chief contributing causes. Workmen with poor eyesight are a detriment to any business. In order to get the best results, particularly where close measurements and exact work are being turned out, the quality of the light and its distribution cannot be too carefully considered.

Another most important point to be considered in a modern factory is the proper number and distribution of sanitary appli-

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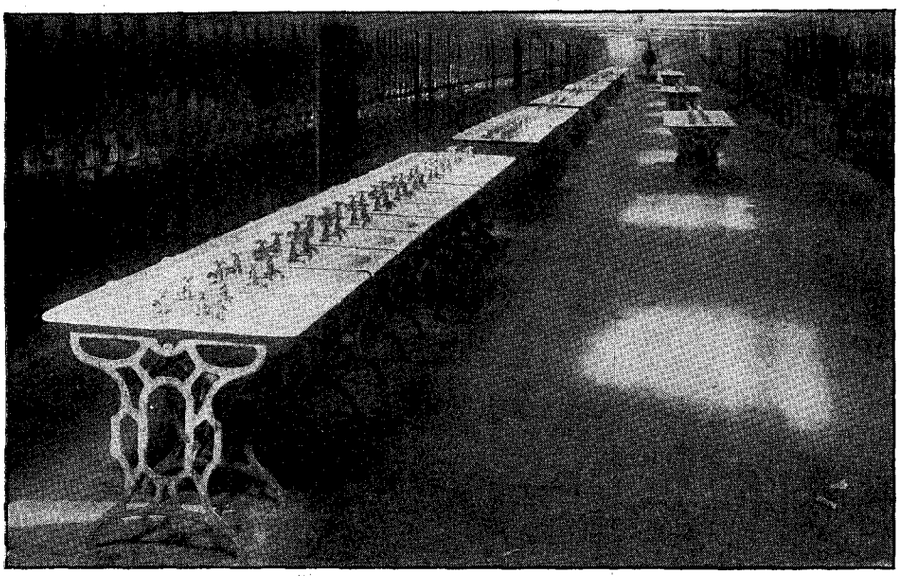
ances. A proper regard to this point will save many unnecessary steps and much loss of time upon the part of the workmen. This, in turn, can be directly translated into a saving of dollars and cents.

Manufacturers are now going to great lengths to provide proper equipment for their men. Modern toilet conveniences and washrooms are now very generally found in factories. In many plants gymnasiums and shower-baths are also provided. In many cases such facilities evoke the heartiest response from the men. They will frequently come to work ahead of time and linger after working hours, making a sort of social club out of the "gym" or shower-room. The sense of personal cleanliness arouses the workman to a better attitude towards his job and a sense of pride in his company. He becomes a better man, a better worker, and a greater asset to his employer.



A MODERN FACTORY LOCKER AND WASH-ROOM

In addition to the ordinary facilities, many manufacturers provide other equipment to insure absolute cleanliness.

A large manufacturer of food specialties requires each employee to be manicured before starting the day's work. In this plant the clothing must also be changed, and white uniforms are provided for the working hours. Rest-rooms are available for the women workers, and a doctor and trained nurse are also in regular attendance.

One manager in an enamel-producing factory found it necessary to compel his men to clean their finger nails before lunching. He had had considerable trouble with lead-poisoning—white lead being a constituent of the enamel. Providing adequate washing facilities with running hot and cold water, and requiring the men to wash thoroughly before eating, reduced the number of cases of lead-poisoning very materially.

In the Pullman Company's shops the bell is rung ten minutes before the noon hour, and all employees are compelled to go to the central washrooms, where they are furnished with individual nail-brushes, soap, and towels. Since the introduction of this "wash-up" system cases of lead-poisoning have been entirely eliminated.

A manufacturing concern which has made a careful study of things that affect the efficiency of workmen first installed a filter plant. This cut down the number of absences traceable to impure drinking water from an average of more than fifty a day to sixteen. Yet this number still seemed excessive. They next installed a sterilizing plant in addition, and the number of absences dropped almost immediately from sixteen to two.

For men working under extreme temperatures, as in steel mills, shower baths and lockers for a change of clothing have reduced colds, pneumonia, and consumption. From tests made in one of the big steel plants it was found that after the installation of individual lavatories, the number of skin diseases dropped off sharply.

In these times of tremendous industrial strain and activity, manufacturers must take every precaution to guard their workers against infection and disease which will reduce their efficiency and productivity or lay them off entirely. Every man and every woman must produce up to his or her full capacity in order that we may meet the great crisis of the war successfully. Every day or hour lost by a worker means a lessening of production. Labor must be kept in prime condition, like the trained athlete, in order that our common task may be fully and effectively accomplished.

It is the patriotic duty of every employer to keep his men and women fit for the job. In so doing he helps them to a fuller earning capacity and a deeper measure of self-respect and loyalty to the business; he helps himself by reducing the "labor turnover" and increasing his production; and he helps the Nation by stabilizing labor and by making it one hundred per cent efficient.

JOB IN DRAMA FORM

I was much interested in reading in The Outlook of March 27 the article on "The Book of Job." I should like, however, to correct the statement that this wonderful poem has not been brought to light in dramatic form until its presentation by Mr. Stuart Walker. The class of 1890 at Smith College for their senior dramatics gave a musical presentation of the Book of Job, with music composed especially for it. They used the text as given in the Bible, with, of course, some omissions. The fourth friend, Elihu, was also omitted, for reasons which I do not now remember. The characters of Job and his three friends were taken by groups of girls.

Many professors from theological schools and colleges were present at the performance, and at that time this rendering of the beautiful dramatic poem aroused much interest and received favorable comment.

ELIZABETH S. GUTHRIE.

Buffalo, New York.

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INDIAN WOMEN, MEMBERS OF THE ONLY INDIAN RED CROSS CHAPTER IN AMERICA

These women are watching the auction sale in Thurston County, Nebraska, for the benefit of the Red Cross. Although an icy wind is blowing, they and their children are indifferent to it, some of them sitting contentedly on the ground, not afraid of taking cold

PATRIOTIC INDIANS

BY KEENE ABBOTT

In the Red Cross organization of the Omaha tribe (which is said to be the only Indian chapter of that Society) there are 314 members. Nearly $2,000 augmented their treasury by the benefit auction sale held April 5, on the reservation in Thurston County, Nebraska.

When we had journeyed to the agency at Macey, the photographer and myself did not suppose that the sale could prove very satisfactory; for an icy wind, strong and cutting, ran over the hills, shaking the broken cornstalks of many an austere field and dismally swishing through the winter-bleached prairie grasses. On a day so bleak why should people want to stand about in the cold? And how could their hearts be warmed to generosity?

We wandered to the region of barns and sheds back of the agency, where the auction stand had been set up. There were articles enough to be offered for sale, a great array of them—chickens on the ground with legs tied together, crates of ducks and geese and rabbits, bales of hay piled high in a rectangular mound, a load of straw, beaded moccasins, a ceremonial tobacco pouch, a calf, a pig, a goat, a pony, a load of sweet corn, and many jars of preserved fruits and vegetables.

Early in the afternoon we heard whirring sounds, a great variety of them, mingled with the raspy rush of cold wind. What could be occasioning all this mechanical buzz? Motor cars?

Yes; that was it. Indians were coming from all parts of the reservation. And they were coming, not in the old tribal way with pony and dog travois, but in the new way, after the manner of prosperous farm folk, which they really are. Before the auction sale began (and it was begun with a prayer to invoke the blessing of God upon the project) there were not less than four hundred Indians gathered about the stand.

Furthermore, they proved reckless bidders. Objects offered for sale brought outrageous sums. There was a commonplace goat, for instance, that brought something over $300.

The sale was conducted in the manner known as Dutch auction—whatever you bid you had to pay, even though the money you advanced bought you nothing more than a pleasant smile.

On the reservation there are 1,300 of the up-stream people, the Omahas; and that they are intensely patriotic is attested by the manner in which they open their purses in the present crisis.

While our country was still supposed to be neutral the Indians of eastern Nebraska were not among those who would look with tolerance upon the enormities perpetrated by Germany. And once the United States had committed itself to the support of the Allied nations in putting down Prussian autocracy, eighty-two of those bronze-skinned native Americans were prompt to enlist in the Army and Navy.

During the past year the Red Cross chapter on the Omaha reservation has been actively engaged in knitting, in making surgical dressings for soldiers, and in raising funds for relief work.

Knowing the spirit of the Indians, and how they feel regarding the European war, one need not be surprised at their patriotic fervor. As long ago as 1915 they were bestirring themselves in the interests of humanity.

There was the case, for instance, of Maha-wa, whose name signifies The Conqueror. He had been informed of nations fighting beyond the east wind, across the great waters. He had heard also of a peaceful people brought low by mighty guns whose fire-speech is as a power to shake the bones of the world. He learned of them, and how the fields of the peaceful people were laid waste, and their lands taken and their homes demolished.

Now, who better than an old Indian might know the meaning of all that? Maha-wa knew. He knew and pitied, and wanted very much to show that his heart had gone out to those people in their suffering. But what might he do for them—he, an old man, so far away?

Money, of course, might help. He sent money—$20—raised by means of selling a load of corn; and from the Belgian Minister at Washington he received a letter, thanking him in words graciously expressed, not alone for his gift of money, but more particularly for the kindness of an understanding heart.

Regarding the work of the Red Cross, an aged Indian woman said:

"It is nothing new to us. The method is different, but the spirit is the same, as we always had it in the tribe. Only our organization we called *Te*, meaning buffalo, and *Ithaethe*, meaning to show compassion. The Red Cross is a society to show compassion, and so was the Buffalo Society." It was explained that the buffalo cure their wounded by licking the hurt place and keeping it clean.

"Surgical dressings that we made in tribal practice," said an Indian woman, "were very different from those that we are making for the Red Cross. Between our teeth we ground the roots of the wild hop, then we took clear water into our mouths, and blew the medicated liquid into the wound."

With our modern ideas about germs and the need of sterilizing all dressings, this sort of primitive practice might seem highly deleterious, and yet there is abundant proof of remarkable cures. For the Indians, especially those men and women members of the Buffalo Compassion Society, understood the curative values of herbs and plants, and also understood means of reducing fractures.

Captain Luther North is authority for the astonishing facts regarding a Pawnee Indian scout whose hand and forearm were shattered by the accidental discharge of a carbine. A surgeon advised amputation, but the Indian would not consent. The wound grew extremely ugly; during a long journey with the troops the hurt even filled with maggots. Finally the Indian was sent back to the reservation—to die, as Captain North supposed. But six months later the wounded Indian had recovered, after receiving treatment from the medical experts of the tribe.

An aged member of this Buffalo Society, the Indian Red Cross, said that the white

INDIAN WOMEN INSPECTING GOODS TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE AT THE RED CROSS AUCTION

people do not beat a drum or chant songs over a wounded soldier; but in tribal days each herb used for the injured person had its particular song.

"You might think," said a young Indian, "that such noise and singing might do harm; but no, it was soothing, the same as the Latin prayers of a priest may be soothing to a good Catholic, for he believes in prayer. It was so with the Indian sufferer, when he heard the songs and the beating of the drum. The songs were addressed to Wakonda, the Great Mystery, who was implored to send comfort to the injured man. Mystical influence was thus made to play an important part in the cures effected by members of the Buffalo Society."

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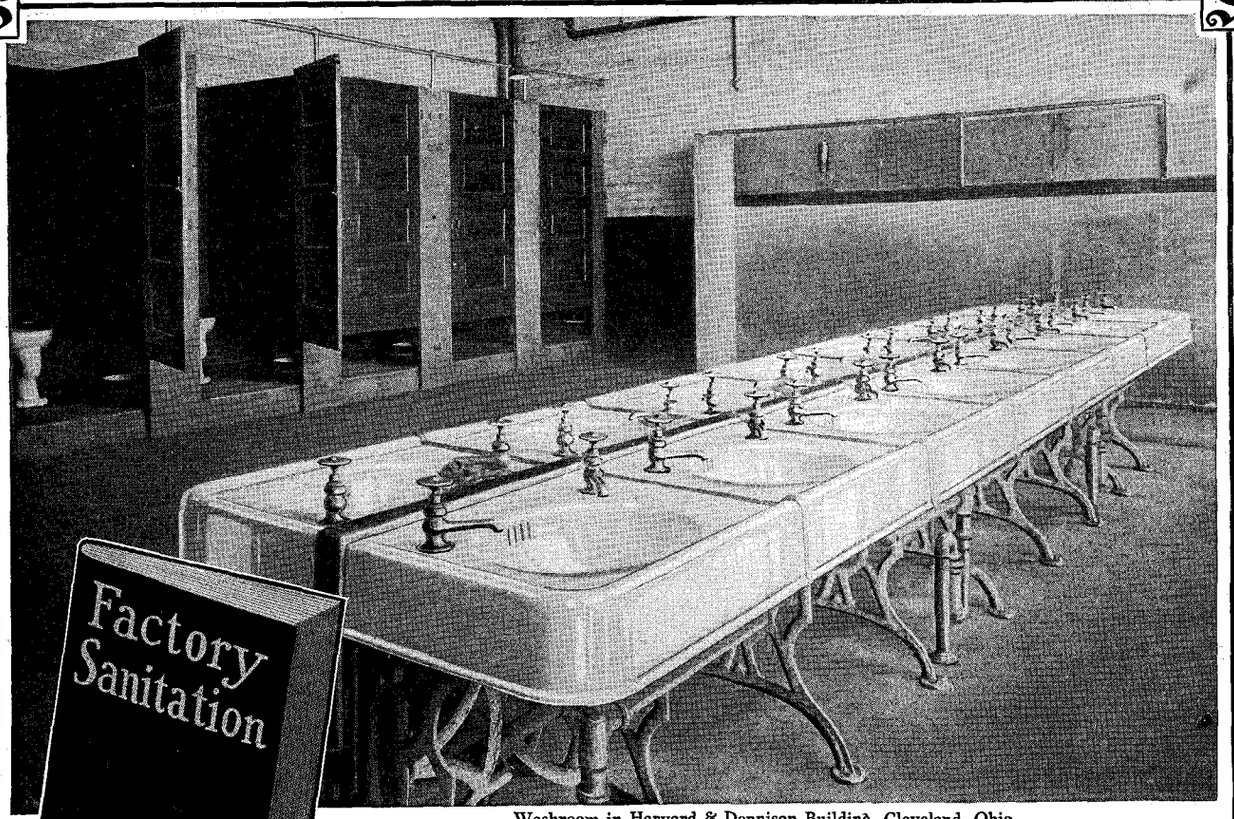

Washroom in Harvard & Dennison Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Women in Factories: A New Business Problem

In larger numbers than ever before, women and girls are invading American industries and taking the places of men. War has made it necessary, and this condition creates a new problem for the heads of industrial plants. One result is a double emphasis upon factory sanitation. Women workers require and deserve every possible consideration. Conditions in the toilet and wash rooms of places where many are employed demand careful attention. Our book on this subject, "Factory Sanitation," will be of help to you. Sent free on request.

"Standard" Plumbing Fixtures

for industrial plants represent the required wide range of styles and prices. We have made hundreds of big installations and are prepared to meet any problem that may come up.

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In the cities marked thus (*) at the bottom of this page there are "Standard" Wholesale Houses carrying in stock complete lines of

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Address before Congress, April 2, 1917

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Proclamation of April 16, 1917

THE SELECTIVE PRINCIPLE
Proclamation of May 18, 1917

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Note to the Russian Government, May 26, 1917

THE MENACE
Flag Day Address, June 14, 1917

CIVILIZATION'S DEMANDS
Reply to the Peace Note of the Pope, August 27, 1917

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Address before Congress, December 4, 1917

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Address before Congress, January 8, 1918

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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Best in Life (The). By Muriel Hine (Mrs. Sidney Coxon). The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

An English society novel.

Best Short Stories of 1917 (The), and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Devil to Pay (The). By Frances Nimmo Greene. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

A story of crime, sometimes a little overwrought in its writing, but never relaxing in its grip on the reader's attention. The terror of a murderer haunted and pursued, as it seems, by the spirit of the accomplice whom he has allowed to be hanged, is vividly rendered. The one fault of the plot is that most readers will guess the heart of the mystery too soon.

My Two Kings. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

A novel of the Stuart restoration.

Stealthy Terror By John Ferguson. The John Lane Company. New York. $1.40.

A somewhat over-sensational and over-complicated story of German plot and intrigue It turns about a document which, on its face, is a child's pictorial tribute to his father's birthday, but which really outlines a German plot for the conquest of England.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Aztec-Hunters (The). By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.35.

Daddy's Bed-Time Stories. By Mary Graham Bonner. 2 vols. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 60c. each.

These two little volumes, one of "Outdoor Stories," the other of "Bird Stories," have been reviewed for us by two children, a boy and a girl of ten and eight years of age, respectively, to whom the stories were read aloud at bed-time. These two children confirm our own judgment that they have a rather unusual charm. They are not scientific, nor entomological, nor ornithological, nor sociological. They simply appeal to the imagination and to the instinctive love of small children for out-of-doors life. The little volumes are excellently illustrated with sketches and colored plates. We can heartily commend them for small people.

Kathleen's Probation. By Joslyn Gray. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

A well-written story for girls.

Tales from Birdland. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

BIOGRAPHY

Tolstoy. By George Rapall Noyes. (Master Spirits of Literature.) Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

This is not so much a biography as it is a connected view of Tolstoy's many-sided literary work. Lovers of literature may know equally well Pushkin and Turgenev, who came before Tolstoy, or Dostoyevsky, who came after. But Tolstoy is the only great Russian novelist who ever reached the whole international reading public. Of all the well-known Russians, no one was more intensely Russian than was Tolstoy. The realism, the neglect of conventions, the social and religious revolutionary philosophy, and, above all, the altruism and fraternalism shown in his writings, were characteristic of his life. No matter how adversely one may judge that social and religious revolutionary philosophy, one feeling must

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The New Books (Continued)

remain, and that is that here was a man who really strove for righteousness.

POETRY

Fiery Cross (The). By John Oxenham. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

A volume of vivid and patriotic war verse by a well-known English writer of fiction.

Lover's Gift and Crossing. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Two collections of Tagore's more recent lyrical utterances. The form hovers between prose and verse, but the spirit is invariably rich in poetry and dreamily impressionistic in expression.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Sunset Canada: British Columbia and Beyond. By Archie Bell. Illustrated. ("See America First" Series.) The Page Company, Boston. $3.50.

The wonderland of Canada is interestingly described in this attractive book, with its maps, colored pictures, and photographs. Any one who has seen the Canadian Rockies will like to own the volume, and it will whet the appetite of others to visit the people, cities, and mountains described.

WAR BOOKS

Martial Adventures of Henry and Me (The). By William Allen White. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

It is a true mark of sound good nature to be able to poke fun at one's self. Mr. White and Mr. Henry Allen, both of Kansas, are about as well known in journalism and politics as any two "middle-aged old coots" (to use Mr. White's phrase) could be. That two peaceful gentlemen of small Mid-Western cities should be posting off as Red Cross Commissioners, with store-bought uniforms in their trunks, to the horrors of war struck them as essentially ludicrous. But, all the more, the tragic and horrible are brought very close to everyday, placid American life. Underneath the humorous manner of telling there is much here that is in essence typical, and even in a way symbolical. The reader is amused, but he is also made to think.

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The American who has no mask for the *three* poisonous gases that are flowing all through the Nation will be gassed three times over. Dr. William T. Ellis writes in a father-to-son letter about "What I consider the three greatest menaces of the present hour:" internationalism, the safety-first doctrine, and the dangers to a soldier's morals. This letter appeared in The Outlook for April 24.

DON'T BE GASSED. The letter below is typical of the many requests from our readers that have prompted us to reprint in pamphlet form Dr. Ellis's letter

My Dear Dr. Ellis:

A man has to suffer at times because of his friends; and so because I think of you as one of mine, I'm going to inflict this letter upon you—for I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your article signed "Daddy" in The Outlook of April 24. . . . I want to thank you for it—especially for the third point you discuss. . . . I think it is calculated to do a world of good.

As to the first point—the "ineffective internationalism"—I had been thinking of that only this morning just before reading your article. I have met some of our American Bolsheviki, and the disease they suffer from, as I see it, is a half-baked, hazy, indefinite idealism, which finds expression in words. Nearly all of them have a marvelous gift for vocal expression—"the gift of gab"—and if simply allowed to talk without limit, they will ask no greater favor. The Russian Revolution, from which we all hoped so much at one time, was simply talked to death—"gassed out of life"—and by such a poor quality of gas at that!

As to that third point of your article: the danger you refer to here has seemed to me all along as infinitely worse than the Kaiser's guns—for these cannot wipe the "clean heart" or the "new spirit" out of our boys, while that other devilish thing can. Since reading your article—this close heart-to-heart talk of a father with his son—I have wished it could be put in the shape of a small pamphlet, on thin paper, so that it could be enclosed in a letter. I have felt the need of something of the kind in my work here in this Navy Club. I have met a good many of Uncle Sam's Navy boys—and a mighty fine lot of men they are. You know all of the Navy Boys are enlisted men—volunteers. I rate them at 80 to 90 per cent all right when they come from their homes. . . . Your article, if put into pamphlet form, at moderate cost, will help, I am sure.

In response to these appeals, we have had Mr. Ellis's article reprinted, and are ready to supply it as follows:

"'GASSING' THE WORLD'S MIND"
WHAT A FATHER TOLD HIS SON
By William T. Ellis

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Per 100 copies (delivered to one address)	3.00
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Those who wish this pamphlet mailed in quantity to separate addresses will please communicate with us and we will gladly give further particulars

THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

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BY THE WAY

The fear of restraint is named as a prime element in the Russian character, as analyzed by A. G. Tolfree in the "Atlantic." Two somewhat amusing illustrations of this fear are given. "An intelligent, cultivated Russian woman pleaded for hours with her fourteen-year-old daughter to promise solemnly that she would never marry. Her own marriage appeared to be happy enough; her objection to the possible marriage of her daughter was that she would not be always and perfectly free to do as she pleased." A Russian man's reason for choosing the celibate life was similar: "'I could never think of marrying,' said old Prince G—— 'for I know what my fate would be. Every Russian lives under his wife's slipper.'"

The demoralizing effect of this Russian philosophy, alluded to in the above paragraph, when put in practice, was effectively dealt with in Mr. Ellis's article on "'Gassing' the World's Mind" in The Outlook for April 24, an article now reprinted in pamphlet form.

An American contribution to the matrimonial problem outlined in the foregoing quotation from Mr. Tolfree's article is as follows, from the pen of a woman contributor to the "American Agriculturist." "I have a neighbor," she says, "who never does outside work, never carries wood or water, and her husband helps with the washing, etc. If she doesn't feel like getting breakfast, he prepares it himself. I don't think her home is more happy, neither do I think her husband loves her one bit more, nor as well as some other men do their hard-working slaves of wives, but I do know that this woman looks years and years younger than other women of her age." The "kind treatment" that this unusual farmer's wife receives has made her a bit selfish, her neighbor declares, but she thinks that in that respect honors are easy as between her and the man who expects his wife to drudge till her youth and good looks are all gone.

The kindly farmer spoken of above has a match in a man at the front who, according to an English paper, was detailed to the K. P. (kitchen police). He wrote home: "Dear Mother—I put in this entire day washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds, and peeling potatoes. When I get home from this camp I'll make some girl a mighty fine wife!"

The black soldiers knew that they were on their way abroad, a "Collier's" correspondent says. They were a solemn-looking lot. A minister stepped out to the edge of the embankment overlooking the road down which the Negro troops were marching, and called out, shakily, "God bless you, boys! Good-by! God take care of you, boys!" They answered, in turn somewhat huskily, "Thanky, parson. Thanky, suh!" And another white man, a South Carolina soldier who was standing by, said: "They're certainly good soldiers. I never thought to salute a nigger, but I've been glad to return salutes to those boys. If they die in France, they're going to be just as dead as any of the rest of us. I've been changing my mind awful fast in the last two months." The pull of comradeship in this war is being felt in unexpected places.

"It was when I was a very young man that I grasped one secret of salesmanship," says H. J. Barrett in a new book called "How to Sell More Goods." "I found myself at noon in a little trade center that lacked a restaurant. I asked a push-cart man the price of three bananas. Without replying, he selected three, put them in a paper bag, and proffered them, saying, 'Tenna centa.' You see, by assuming that I would purchase, he exerted a sort of moral pressure which helped to close the deal. The idea can be applied in a variety of ways. For instance, in seeking to secure an appointment with a man, I don't say now, 'When can I see you?' but rather, 'Shall it be morning or afternoon—and will to-morrow suit you?'"

Under the head of "The Silence Cure" the above-named book says: "'How can I meet this case?' asked a young salesman. 'I'll succeed in securing an audience, somewhat against the will of the prospect, perhaps, and he, to evince his resentment, will sit at his desk, reading letters or the newspaper, leaving me in the position of talking to a dummy. What should I do?' 'Cease talking and wait for attention,' is my answer. 'Just sit there, calmly, impassively, unresentfully, but with an air as though you meant to sit there until the crack of doom if need be. Nine times out of ten he concludes that the easiest way out of the difficulty is to hear your story and turn you down. Well, all you're after is a hearing. Silence will give it to you.'"

A subscriber sends the following clipping from a Sunday-school quarterly: "A home department of thirty members was organized last January in the Sunday-school of St. Andrew's M. E. Church: . . . Mrs. W. J. Smith, its superintendent, is taking up the work *with the enthusiasm that precludes success.*" (Italics ours.)

Anglicized French words get queer twists of meaning and pronunciation in these United States. "Fiancé" sometimes masquerades as "finance" in pronunciation; and as to meaning, one misapprehension is indicated in this little experience quoted in a current magazine: "'Virginia,' said Mrs. Smith, 'have you seen Miss Edith's fiancé?' 'No, indeed, ma'am,' said Virginia; 'hit ain't been in de wash yet.'"

"Littell's Living Age," which was somewhat more popular with an older generation of readers than it has been with the present, is to appear henceforth under auspices which may again make it prominent among American weeklies. It is now to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Company, which, having won the hearts of a host of the more thoughtful readers of the country with the "Atlantic," is apparently seeking new worlds to conquer. The "Living Age" deserves a longer lease of life and will no doubt secure it under its new management.

Apropos of the phrase "oblong square," quoted recently in this column, a subscriber writes that Sir Walter Scott, in the seventh chapter of "Ivanhoe," says: "The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off." Our correspondent adds: "An oblong square with rounded corners has always struck me, since I read it in school, as being a peculiar geometrical figure."

With continual reminders, Johnny's manners had been improving at home, but at what a cost to his appetite when he had an invitation to dine at a boy friend's house! His hostess said, concernedly, when dessert was reached, "You refuse a second helping of pie? Are you suffering from indigestion, Johnny?" "No, ma'am; politeness."

WAR DON'TS

BY JANE DRANSFIELD, OF THE VIGILANTES

Don't sit down and wish the war were over. Start out and work to get it over.

Don't be discouraged. Faith is not a sentiment, but an act of will.

Don't wish you were serving in some different line from that you are in. You are needed where you are.

Don't criticise unless your criticism is constructive, and will help.

Don't listen to what ex-President Taft calls "whispering traitors."

Don't grumble at being asked to do something you have never done before. Fall into line.

Don't forget that we are fighting for Right, and therefore *must* win. Insert in your morning prayer the now immortal words, "They Shall Not Pass!"

CURFEW RINGS IN ENGLAND

(*From the London "Observer"*)

For the first time since its repeal by Henry I the curfew law is revived in London, but in terms and varieties of application as complex as our civilization. There is the theater's curfew, the restaurant's curfew, the gas and electricity curfews, so far as they go, the shop-window curfew, and the blind and curtain curfew, on which a new order was issued only yesterday. . . .

The new curfew is really the drastic speeding up, under stress, of a long tendency to devote the night to its natural purposes. Dining once in Ivy Lane with some friends, Dr. Johnson was aggrieved when his friends rose to go at ten o'clock. Yet they had been sitting since three in the afternoon. Under the curfew regulation now impending these hours would have reconciled his inclinations with his patriotism to a nicety, for not only restaurants, but clubs, are to turn out their dinner lights at 10 P.M. It may have been on this occasion that the Doctor denounced the man who proposes to go to bed before midnight as a scoundrel. It was not until a hundred years had elapsed that Lord Campbell's Act, called the "slap you and put you to bed act," closed the London licensed houses at half-past twelve, thus saving a great part of the population from scoundrelism by thirty minutes. Inasmuch, however, as clubs did not fall under this rule, some thousands of Londoners were able to maintain their respectability until two and three o'clock in the morning, and in some cases all night. . . .

It seems rather a pity that the theater curfew, which was intended for half-past nine, has been changed to half-past ten. Theater-goers will now emerge on streets of Sunday quiet. The restaurants will have had their doors locked half an hour earlier. Going home will be a solemn and almost stealthy business.

Broadly speaking, the public evening will end at half-past nine, and throughout the "summer time" people will be at home in the normal daylight of half-past eight. What will they do? It is certainly a delusion to suppose that they will go to bed. Even the children refuse to do that. Lack of locomotion facilities will tend to keep the parks empty. But there will be the allotments, the back gardens, and the doorsteps. We may anticipate, I think, a vast development of pleasant strolling and sitting-out life. The curfew will certainly not damp down the fires of sociability.

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